Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869. "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. APRIL 21, 1892. NO. 16

ONE wing of the party ought to change its name to Democrat.

SELF MADE men are all right, but self-made candidates are not in it.

THE Flower that blooms in Chicago, tra la, will scarcely be that from New York.

IF Gorman gets the Democratic nomination the campaign watch words will be Gorman and Gray.

THE Democratic position on the silver question is" wait until after election to pass a free coinage bill."

ALL the Democratic aspirants for the Presidential nomination, except Senator Hill, have a second choice.

THE spring municipal election very generally throughout the country shows substantial gains for the Republicans.

EX GOVERNOR CAMPBELL of Ohio will certainly get a place on the Democratic ticket as he demands either first place or no place.

SENATOR HILL claims to be a Jacksonian Democrat, yet while he was in South Carolina he praised John C Calhoun to the skies Oh, Andy!

Free wool embodies an extension of free trade which passed the limits of a tariff for revenue only, and involves an almost inevitable resort to direct taxation for the support of the national government.

Having very effectually shut out the competion of foreign cheap labor in foreign countries the Republican party proposes to add to the protection of our labor the exclusion of foreign cheap labor from competition with our labor at home.

The South Carolina who, just before the war of the rebellion, denounced Northern laborers as "mud sills," "greasy mechancics," and small-fisted farmers" ran against the Republican party as the champion of the dignity of labor not long after his denunciations. and found that he had been monkeying with a buzz-saw.

Slavery abolished, free homesteads provided, industries vastly developed, and new employment opened the dollar of the workingman and bondholder exactly equalized, high wages maintained, and protection almost perfectly adjusted are some of the silent points in the labor record of the Republican party that no laborer can afford to forget or ignore.

Make It $100,000 or More.

The next national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is to be held in Washington. It is expected that more veterans will attend this reunion than have been present at any similar meeting since the war. Preparations are making to render it a great occasion, and the Grand Army men will certainly do their part to make it the largest gathering of Union soldiers seen since that grand review in Washington twenty-seven years ago. The national encampment has never been held in Washington before, and that fact adds to the interest of the occasion.

It is usual for any city in which the annual encampment is held to make a substantial appropriation for its entertainment. The presence of the veterans is felt to be an honor, and cities compete for the privilege of receiving them. But Washington, having no municipal government like that of other cities, is in a peculiar position. The citizens may raise money by private subscription—and have raised quite a large sum—but as a city it cannot make appropriations. Those must be authorized by the Congress.

It lies with the Senate and the House of Representatives, therefore, to make such an appropriation as shall suffice for the entertainment. The President recommended the matter to their consideration, and a bill was introduced calling for an appropriation of $100,000. The Senate Committee, however, in reporting the bill, has reduced the amount to $75,000

If Congress is to make any appropriation at all for this purpose, the sum should be large enough to effect the purposes desired. There is no question of principle involved. It is a simple question of amount. Judging by the experience of past encampments, the sum of $100,000 will not be at all too large, and the reduction of the amount by 25 per cent, savors rather of the Holmanic "economy" of the House than of the usual generosity of the Senate.

When the bill came before the Senate yesterday for action an amendment to make the appropriation $100,000 was offered. The old rebel yell was heard against it, but it was carried through by Republican votes. Congress should make the amount $100,000, and, if that is not enough, raise it $50,000 more.

Dark feathers usually cover dark skin; hence dark-colored chickens are unpopular at the table.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18, 1892,

General Russell A. Alger, has been in Washington for some days, and it is stated although not upon his personal authority, that he will shortly announce his withdrawal as a Presidential candidate. This determination is understood to be the result of conferences with his friends in Congress and to be in the interest of party harmony.

The President has accepted the invitation for himself and as many members of his cabinet as can make it convenient to go, to attend the Grant monument dedicatory ceremonies in New York on the 27th of this month.

It is believed that Senator Hill has secured the pledges of enough democrats in the House to reject the report of the Election committee and retain Rockwell in the seat to which the committee has reported Col. Nopes to be entitled. The case will be called up to morrow and several very lively days are expected, during which some of Hill's peculiar methods will be exposed by democrats. If the House decides against the committee the chairman and several other democratic members say they will refuse to serve longer thereon,

Private Secretary Halford is again at his desk in the White House, but he is still very weak from the effects of his recent illness.

The old question of abusing the privilege of "leave to print," by inserting matter in the Congressional Record which has no relation whatever to the proceedings of Congress is once more causing trouble in the House, and the committee on Rules is trying to devise a remedy. Four democrats aided by Jerry Simpson started the trouble this time by inserting the whole of one of Henry Georges book favoring free trade, in the Record. Then Mr. Lodge and other republicans retaliated by inserting protection publications, and, the end is not yet. The House should follow the example of the Senate and let nothing appear in the Record that is not spoken on the floor.

The democrats of the House exercise considerable judgement as to the location of their cheese-paring. For instance, the Postmaster General concluded this year that the money paid for special railroad facilities in the shape of a fast mail from New York to Tampa, Florida, was entirely unnecessary, and that no "special facilities" were secured by its payment to the railroad companies, so he omitted it from the annual estimate submitted to Congress, but the House Postoffice committee has put in the Post office appropriation bill an item appropriating $196.614, for these railroads, which wield considerable influence in the South. The fact speaks for itself; comment would be superfluous.

The Senate will do its part towards preventing the failure of the proposed international naval review in Hompton Rhoads and New York Harbor next April, by adopting an amendment to the naval approprating $300.000 for the expense of the review and of entertaining the official guests of the United States who will accompany the foreign fleets. The President will however, take no chances. The invitations will not be sent until the appropriation is authorized.

So certain are the democrats of the House that they made a mistake in ordering the Census investigation that it was exceedingly difficult to find enough of them who were willing to serve on the subcommittee which is to conduct the investigation.

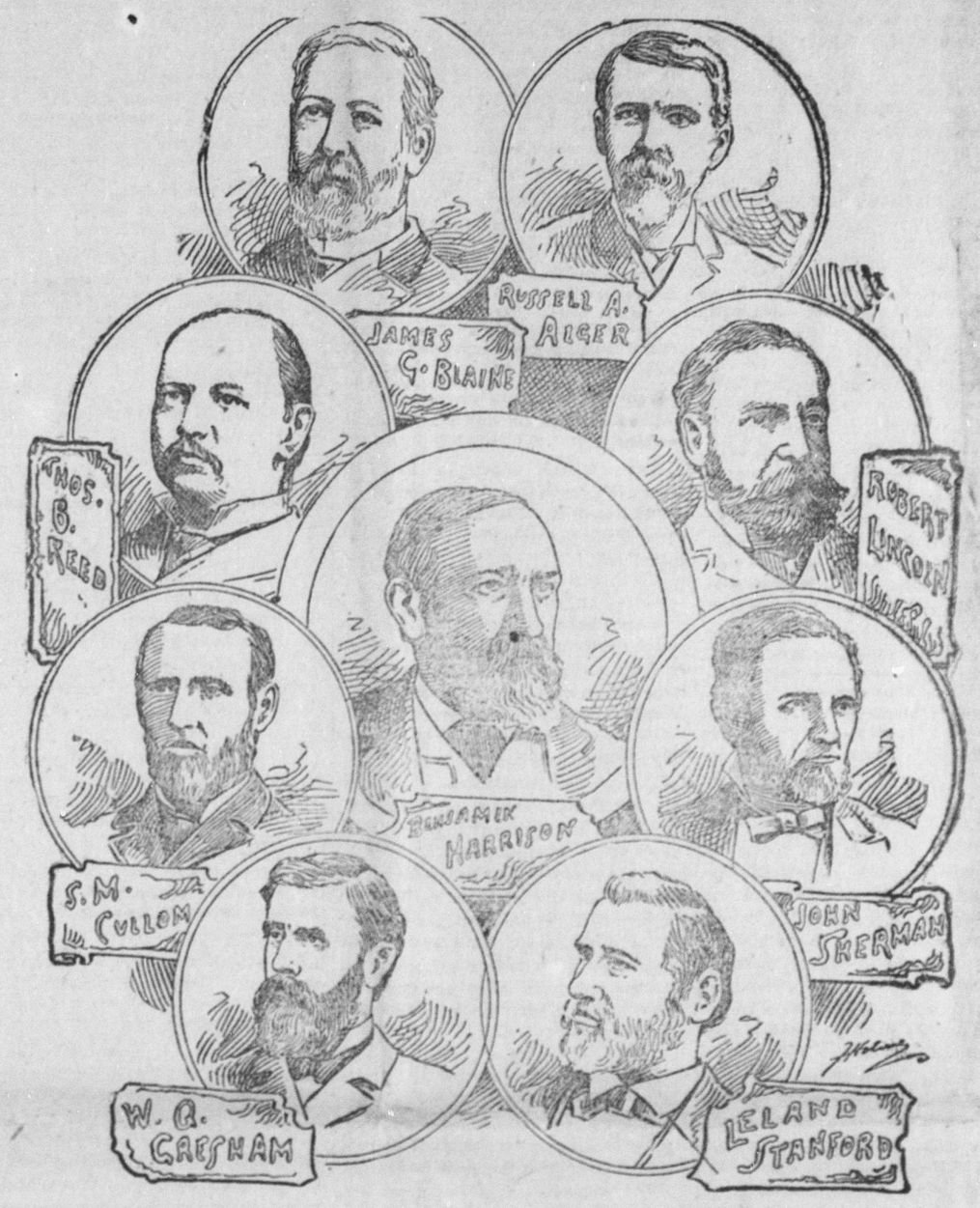
The democrats in the House cut down the estimate of the amount needed to pay pension for the fiscal year beginning July 1, next, $13. 000.000, on the ground that there would be a surplus of more than th at left of the appropriation for the current fiscal year, but so rapidly has Gen. Raum granted pensions so that it is now certain that the surplus will be very small at the end of the year, if there is one at all, and the Senate has concluded to hold the pension appropriation until near enough to the close of the fiscal year to determine how much of the money cut off by the House must be restored.

There has been some talk among the democrats of Senator Hill withdrawing from the presidential field but he says he will not even consider withdrawing as long as Cleveland remains a candidate. This is taken to mean that Hill is willing to withdraw if Cleveland will do the same in that event Gorman would become the leadnig democratic candiate.

By the 1st of May the revenue cutters Ruth, Bear, Corwin, and Albatross, and the naval vessels Adams Mohican, Baltimore and Yorktown will be in Behring Sea prepared to make things lively for the poachers.

Civil Service Commissioner Thompson has resigned, to take effect May 15.

ALL GOOD REPUBLICANS.



Possible candidates from which the next President of the United States may be chosen.

New Subscribers to the "Republican."

WEEK ENDING		MARCH	23, '92	— 10
"	"	"	30, "	— 18
"	"	April	6, "	— 29
"	"	"	12, "	— 31
"	"	"	19, "	— 14
		Total		102

We have issued with this number five editions of the Republican and are encouraged by the support given by our friends as indicated by above table although there is a falling off in the number of new subscriptions this week we cannot expect that every succeeding week shall add more names than the one just preceeding. We have now one tenth of the thousand new names we want to add for the important fall campaign which is to come an election which every citizen should take a deep interest in as questions of importance to all the people are to be decided questions effecting seriously the interest of every farmer, laborer and business man in the country. We hope our friends will assist us to increase our list until the one thousand new names are added to our already good sized subscription list thereby a good work be done for the party and for the old REPUBLICAN which is really the oldest paper in Centre county. If anyone doubts this last statement we are ready to prove it.

Republican Reciprocity Did It.

Facts and figures show that since the adoption of Reciprocity there has been such a regulation of importations of especially sugar and coffee as to greatly redound to the benefit of the United States. Since the consummation of the Reciprocity negotiations 79 per cent, of the coffee supply is regulated by Reciprocity. It is also shown that 16 per cent. of the remainder of this supply is affected by President Harrison's proclamations.

J. A. Fiedler did not Make it.

The republican Conference to nominate a delegate from this congressional district to represent us in the national republican convention met at DuBois last Friday April 16th. Ex-Sheriff D. C. Oyster of Elk county, and Wayne Cook, a prominent lumberman of Forest Co., were elected, ex-Sheriff Jesse E. Dale of DuBois was chosen for elector J. A. Fiedler. Esq., of Centre county was elected as the alternate delegate which honor gives him a seat in the convention.

George G. Mattern was chosen as secretary of the conference. The Centre Co delegates did all in their power to secure the election of our man as delegate to minneapolis but without success, as Clearfield, Elk and Forrest combined against Centre and Clarion to carry off the Honors.

The more you learn to read the meaning in other people's faces the less able they will be to read yours. The power of seeing give the power of concealing, and you are best armed for the fight with the world that comes to every man and woman in it by the ability to know what everybody else is thinking of you and not let them, find out what you are thinking of them. You can't be absolutely frank in your dealings with everybody. There are some people to whom frankness is utterly inexplicable, and they wouldn't believe you anyhow and would misjudge you if they did, and so it is better to keep a little metaphorical mask over one's face most of the time, and let me tell you that the people who see behind that mask or in whose presence you remove it will admire you more and think more highly of you for the fact of its some time presence. It is such compliment to them you know, to remove it for them; it is a bit of subtle and dainty flattery that appeals alike to the one who looks at us with a speculative eye and he who looks with the eye of love. Take a woman who is very imperious to flattery or compliment as a general thing, and turns everything off with a high hand. and let some man know down in the bottom of his heart that she will coo up, and look pretty, and shy and happy at a word from him, and he will simply reverence her coldness and worship the little blush or tender gesture which he alone can call up. This "he alone" business goes further than anything else in his world.

The Philadelphia Press Ordered.

We have ordered the Philadelphia Weekly *Press* for the following parties if they are not received within one week they will please notify this office at once.

W. F. Thompson, Lemont; Charles F. Heicke, Blanchard, Rachel P. Confer, Howard.

They are to build a new Mechanical engineering building at the State College to cost one hundred thousand dollars. W. J. Smith, of Wilkesbarre, is the contractor for part of the work and commenced work with a force of men last Friday.

The State College public chools, will close their winter term on Thursday (today) with interesting exercises J. T. Holmes and M. Hartswick are the teachers.

A Tribute to Reciprocity.

No finer tribute to Secretary Blaine's efforts in the cause of reciprocal trade relations could be paid than the statement that our exports will have increased fully $100,000,000 in annual value by the time the law has been in force two years, says the Philadelphea *Evening Bulletin*.

Since the adopiton of that law the work of extending our trade has been gradual, but sure. Even the hasty readers of daily papers have noted from time to time the conclusion of a treaty with this nation or the report of progress in negotiations with that. But neither they nor even their more thoughtful associates had any conception of the scope of the movement thus recorded in the press as matters of ordinary concern. One by one the Latin countries to the south of us became parties to international agreements of enormous benefit to the United States. Then the more difficult work of negotiating with European countries was begun. No hasty treaties were made there. The majority of those countries were producers of many of the goods which were made by manufacturers here, and there could be no exchange of these: but here the power to press for the admission of farm products was calmly but forcibly used with results that make four of the principal nations of Europe a part of our available markets at this time.

There would be undoubted cause for gratification over this result but another phase of the question must be considered before the sweeping nature of the victory is understood. Every treaty made under the act has been made to the advantage of Protection. Not one of them has interfered with the protective features for which McKinley labored so faithfuly and which constitute the chief value of the law.

The Democrats boast that reciprocity was only Free Trade in disguise that it could not be carried into operation without pulling down the whole protective system, has been disproved by the actual workings of the law which owes no part of its success to Democracy or Free Trade, and this success instead of weakening Protection has strengthened that cause and the party which represents it.

—Mr. C. K. Sober, the celebrated marksman well known to many people in Bellefonte as well as all over the county, has removed from Sober, near Spring Mills, to Glen Union, Pa., about eighteen miles above Lock Haven.

Fowls kept in small coops are always healthiest, and pay the best. Twelve hens to a coop ten feet square are quite enough.

RELIEF FOR THE PRODUCERS.

MR. EDITOR: As you are always willing to help the public, I thought probably you might think my cranky ideas worth putting in the paper, for however they may strike the mind of the general public they certainly seem to me to be the only way to relieve the farmer and producers of all kinds, of the burden of taxation, while being forced to enrich large corporations and trusts.

I have studied this question as to my own business and think it would be a great advantage to me, whatever effect it might have on others, to wit: Although a home doctor by profession, yet, I am also in a small way a farmer, and am compelled to ship my products to market over one railroad, in some cases through a certain express company; I am compelled to use certain railroads to travel on myself in going and coming to certain places I wish to reach. Now, under the existing state of affairs, there is so little competition that I do not have even the choice of two evils, but have to pay the railroad that happens to be here any price they may exact to carry my products, or else let it go to waste.

I think I might just as well be compelled to hire some farmer to haul my produce to the railroad at his own price. Now, in regard to the taxes, I cannot see how we can make a railroad, an express or carrying company of any kind pay any part of our taxes. They are not producers; they make their money by carrying our products, so that if we put a tax on them, they simply make an additional charge for carrying our freight and we have it to pay in the end and more with it.

If we attempt to remedy this by building a competing line of railroad, we have to fight a long time with the railroad interests in our legislature before we can get a charter to build one, and the chances are a hundred to one that we will never get it. They use our own money to fight us, as they make all they have by carrying our products. All the necessary expenses are paid in that way, and we have no remedy under the existing state of affairs.

Now. my remedy for this would be for the United States government, that is, the people, to own all railroad or carrying companies, which I think they could easily do. When the rebellion broke out in 1861, our treasury was bankrupt, but we went to work and in three year's time, at an expense of over $3,000,000,000, we were able to save our system of government and the property that belonged to it. Since that time we have paid a great portion of that debt and if it had not been that we were of necessity obliged to support our defenders we could have wiped it all out long ago.

Now, I claim we can handily buy the railroads at a price that would pay them to sell at, and pay for them much easier than we could pay such a debt as the war debt. The advantages to be gained by this would be, according to my idea, first: All parts of the country would be developed as soon as there was sufficient traffic to pay to build a railroad. For instance, there would be no conflicting railroad interest to prevent the development of any part of the country, thereby enhancing the value of property and giving every citizen an equal chance.

We would put all the tax on real estate and personal property where it properly belongs. We would have one more department in the government and have the roads run to pay expenses only, the same as the post office is now managed—all employes to be governed by civil service rules, strictly carried out, no man to be discharged except he have a trial by jury of twelve men in open court established for that purpose.

This will give a general idea of my plan to get my crops to market, and if you think they are worth publishing you can do so.

DR. HENRY J. TRESSLER,

Bellefonte April-18-1892.

Nationalist Drift

The New York Press says: The Claus Spreckels sugar refinery in philadelphia, recently purchased by the Sugar trust, has been closed and 600 men are thrown out of employment. The suspension is not due to overproduction, for the market is active. It is caused solely by the determination of the trust to keep up prices. It is intimated that other refineries may soon close also. Performance of this sort are likely to hasten the hour when the popular demand for more efficient public control of great monopolies will be irresistible.

It is not free wool that makes low prices common clothing in England. It is, instead, shoddy goods and pauper labor. Do we want them here?

The Cleveland faction consisted Hill tour through the south as a southern outrage.

Success with poultry does not come at once, so do not get discouraged if things don't come right as expected.

Valerie;

OR,

HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"Oh, it will be all right before that!" said Valerie, carelessly.

"Well enough, at any rate, to travel. We are due at the Morton's on Saturday evening, you see."

"Yes."

Mrs. Langley drew from her pocket an envelope.

"I received these letters," she said, "yes-umph—a lover scorned kneeling again at your feet—you trample on it—spurn him a second time. You are making shipwreck of your life, Valerie; I warn you before it is too late to retrieve the past. Think also of me—I have a right to ask this—a right to ask why I should be so disappointed in one for whom I have tried to do my best—of whom I was justified in hoping so much."

After the first words of this singular manifesto, if so it might be called, Valerie had turned her eyes from her aunt's face, and sat gazing steadily into space; but her face never altered once—not even when Mrs. Langley spoke of Max Beauregard personally; no color even for a second changed the livid pallor that spread even to her lips; her teeth were set, her brow, every feature, might have been hewn in marble, she never moved, only her bosom rose and fell with the slow, labored pulsation of her breathing, and her eyes glowed with a deep inward fire—the fire that burns like living agony in heart and soul.

So she sat for full a minute after her aunt had ceased speaking; and Mrs. Langley, perplexed, almost frightened by the girl's aspect, yet knew not what to say or do. How could her nature compass Valerie's?

Then, without turning round or moving so much as her hand, Valerie said, slowly, quietly:

"I understand you clearly—quite clearly. I will answer you on Friday morning."

"Valerie!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley, "if I have——"

Valerie lifted her hand.

"I said I would answer you on Friday morning, aunt Constance. Leave me alone now, please."

Mrs. Langley turned mechanically toward the door. Had her threat—it amounted to this—taken effect? Was Valerie about to re-consider her position? Whatever was in the girl's mind her aunt felt that a word more now might be dangerous. She simply bowed her head in acquiescence and left the room.

Then, with still that set, rigid look on her face, Valerie rose, went to her davenport, and sitting down, wrote, with unshaking hand, a letter. Its last words were, "Please do not write to aunt Constance. I ask you this as a special favor." The envelope was addressed to "William Herbert, Esq., The Cottage, Welford, ——shire."

Valerie rang the bell, and when Fanchon appeared, her mistress gave her the letter, saying:

"Fanchon, post this letter, please, at once, with your own hand. I can trust you. Let no one see it."

"*Bien, mademoiselle.* Will mademoiselle now descend?"

"Yes."

Fanchon was little, and Valerie was tall, so the girl leaned on the maid's shoulder, and they went down to the drawing-room; but as they were half-way down stairs the door of the billiard-room (which was near the drawing-room) opened, and Colonel Beauregard appeared.

"Allow me," he said, springing up to Valerie's side and taking her from Fanchon. "Why, Valerie, you are getting on famously! I was just coming to see if you were in the drawing-room, and would care to finish our game."

"I should like to very much," the girl answered.

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Shall I wheel the couch near the window?" said Max, when he had placed his young charge on it, and carefully and skillfully arranged the cushions behind her.

"Please."

So the couch was wheeled near the open window, and the table brought, and the men set; but all this time Beauregard had not failed to notice that something had greatly upset Valerie. She had learned to wear her mask well; but Max had very keen perceptions, and love sometimes brightens even dull perceptions.

"I hope," he said, "I am not imposing on your good-nature. You must not let me do that, Valerie."

"You are not, indeed. I should have to do something, you know; besides, I want to finish this game."

"But there would be other opportunities."

"There might not be."

Max drew in his breath silently.

"You must leave on Saturday, then?" he said, after a pause.

It was folly to prolong his pain, and yesterday, while you were out. Read this."

She placed an enclosure in Valerie's hands, and, rising, walked to the other side of the room.

Valerie looked at the address on the envelope, and the blood rushed hotly to her brow. Aston Lawford!

She opened the letter hastily, her fingers trembling, a bright scorn in her eyes.

Not many words—asking her, begging her to reconsider her decision—she was still free—to give him some hope of winning her.

If Valerie had been the coquette she was believed to be, here was a triumph indeed to make her heart swell; without an effort on her part, this man whom she had cast aside so coolly for a higher prize, came back to her feet again—abased himself to the very dust before her.

But Valerie clenched the letter in her hand, setting her teeth hard to keep back from her lips the scorn that blazed in her dark eyes, that made her bosom heave, her whole frame tremble.

Mrs. Langley seeing that her niece had read the letter, came back to the couch.

"Well," she said, nothing of the girl's aspect lost upon her, nor yet the crumpled letter still held in the little hand. "He is a constant lover, is he not?"

"Lover!"

Valerie proved, by the manner in which she uttered the word, how much contempt can be thrown into a single word.

"What then, my dear?"

"What then?" Valerie laughed, and tearing the letter up, scattered it on the ground. "Infatuated slave! Don't call such slavery love. This man believes—told me—that I befooled, tricked him, led him on—then threw him over for a more brilliant prize—and now he thinks I have failed to grasp that prize he comes back and grovels at my feet; a spaniel would have more spirit—a whipped hound might have more pride!"

Heaven pity the man of whom a woman spoke with such ineffable scorn!

Mrs. Langley grew white, and rose.

"I hardly thought, Valerie," she said, almost sternly, "that you would regard a man's devotion in this light! You are not just to Lawford!"

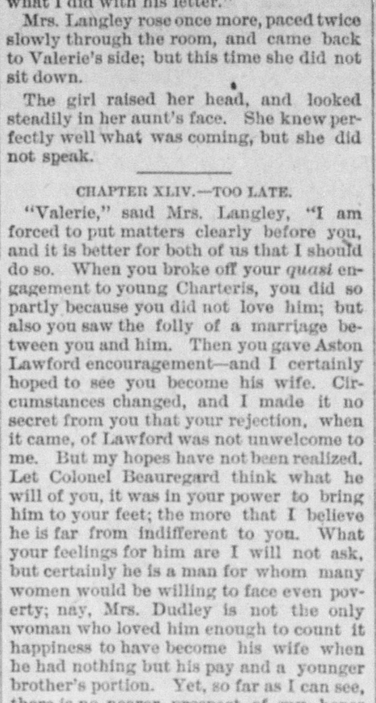
"Don't talk of him, please," returned the girl, flinging back her head on the cushion. "If he wants an answer, you can tell him what I did with his letter."

Mrs. Langley rose once more, paced twice slowly through the room, and came back to Valerie's side; but this time she did not sit down.

The girl raised her head, and looked steadily in her aunt's face. She knew perfectly well what was coming, but she did not speak.

CHAPTER XLIV.—TOO LATE.

"Valerie," said Mrs. Langley, "I am forced to put matters clearly before you, and it is better for both of us that I should do so. When you broke off your *quasi* engagement to young Charteris, you did so partly because you did not love him; but also you saw the folly of a marriage between you and him. Then you gave Aston Lawford encouragement—and I certainly hoped to see you become his wife. Circumstances changed, and I made it no secret from you that your rejection, when it came, of Lawford was not unwelcome to me. But my hopes have not been realized. Let Colonel Beauregard think what he will of you, it was in your power to bring him to your feet; the more that I believe he is far from indifferent to you. What your feelings for him are I will not ask, but certainly he is a man for whom many women would be willing to face even poverty; nay, Mrs. Dudley is not the only woman who loved him enough to count it happiness to have become his wife when he had nothing but his pay and a younger brother's portion. Yet, so far as I can see, there is no nearer prospect of my hopes and plans for you being crowned than when we first came here! and it is your fault that this is so! I am bitterly disappointed in you, Valerie—more than disappointed! I have done everything for you, and you have repaid me by caprices; you have earned the name of a jilt; and for what? When you leave here it will be said of you that you threw over Aston Lawford for Max Beauregard, and that Max Beauregard's pride was proof against even your charms. Will you care to face society with such a repute as that? You, who carried all before you, a failure after all! And here," pointing to the torn fragments of the letter on the floor, "where there is tri-



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Valerie looked at the address on the envelope, and the blood rushed hotly to her brow. Aston Lawford!

She opened the letter hastily, her fingers trembling, a bright scorn in her eyes.

Not many words—asking her, begging her to reconsider her decision—she was still free—to give him some hope of winning her.

If Valerie had been the coquette she was believed to be, here was a triumph indeed to make her heart swell; without an effort on her part, this man whom she had cast aside so coolly for a higher prize, came back to her feet again—abased himself to the very dust before her.

But Valerie clenched the letter in her hand, setting her teeth hard to keep back from her lips the scorn that blazed in her dark eyes, that made her bosom heave, her whole frame tremble.

Mrs. Langley seeing that her niece had read the letter, came back to the couch.

"Well," she said, nothing of the girl's aspect lost upon her, nor yet the crumpled letter still held in the little hand. "He is a constant lover, is he not?"

"Lover!"

Valerie proved, by the manner in which she uttered the word, how much contempt can be thrown into a single word.

"What then, my dear?"

"What then?" Valerie laughed, and tearing the letter up, scattered it on the ground. "Infatuated slave! Don't call such slavery love. This man believes—told me—that I

"What!" she exclaimed. "You alone, Valerie! I thought Max was here."

"He has just gone out," said Valerie, forcing the words from her parched lips. "He is on the terrace—I think."

"Thanks."

Angela vanished, and Valerie leaned back, pressing her hands over her eyes.

"Too late!—too late!"

Yes; she understood him only too well! He loved her; but he could never forget or forgive that her love was tainted with ambition. She could never be to him all that he might once have hoped for; but she might yet be true to herself—might live "a nobler life."

If she could tell him the truth, would he believe her? Not now, perhaps. And only his hand could break down the barrier between them—the barrier that first his honor and then her pride had built up.

CHAPTER XLV.—"YOU WILL KNOW SOON."

"'Valerie," said Amy Linwood's voice, an hour later, outside Valerie's dressing-room door, "are you alone?"

"Yes—come in."

And Amy stole in.

One look at her flushed face and sparkling eyes, and Valerie held out her hands.

"Dear old Amy," she said, "I know what you have come to tell me!"

Amy knit down by the couch and put her arms round Valerie, hiding her face.

"Are you glad?" she whispered.

"You know I am. I saw how it was long ago, Amy!"

Amy looked up.

"Long ago!" she repeated. "When?"

"Oh! last season," said Valerie, laughing. "Don't color so, you silly darling; there's no harm done."

"No," returned Amy, laughing, too. "And mamma likes Hal; she doesn't mind his not being rich. I left him with Colonel Beauregard; though of course *he* knew?"

"I should think he did! Where were they?"

"On the terrace. Why?"

"Nothing; only I thought Angela had been with Colonel Beauregard."

"Perhaps he executed some strategic movement and got rid of her," said Amy, merrily. "She had best give up her chase; he doesn't care for her one atom."

"Never mind Angela," said Valerie, quickly. "I want to hear about you."

"What am I to tell you? I only feel awfully happy; and I wish you did," said Amy, in an altered tone, and laying her face on Valerie's shoulder again.

Valerie started and laughed in something of the old reckless way Amy had heard before.

"Why do you think I am not happy?" she said.

"You can't be—and you don't look it."

"Look it! Just now—no; how should I?"

Amy raised her head and looked earnestly in her friend's face.

"Why do you say 'How should I,' Valerie? You are in trouble about something, and you won't tell me."

"Have I ever told you anything, Amy? What's the good? It only worries you and can't help me. Now you're looking grave when you ought to look like sunshine! Fancy coming to tell me that you are the the words fell from his lips, as it were, unbidden.

"Yes," said Valerie, quietly, looking at the board as if studying the positions. "We have to go on to Lord Morton's."

"And how long do you stay there?"

"Till Thursday; then the Collingwood's until the following Friday."

It was Beauregard's move. He made it in silence and at random. Valerie was thinking how differently would next Saturday evening be passed by her than anything her companion supposed. There was to be a ball, too, on the Monday evening, and a new ball-dress had been ordered from London, but Valerie would not wear it. She did not feel now as if she should ever wish to wear a ball-dress again.

"And after the Collingwoods?" asked Beauregard presently.

"Oh," she answered, carelessly, "I don't know what aunt Constance's plans are."

Max glanced at her keenly, and thought of Aston Lawford's letter. Valerie had read it—was debating whether she should accept the offer it made, or maybe intended to accept it. It was this that troubled her—this that made her ignorant of the future beyond a week or two; or if not ignorant, reticent. The soldier set his teeth. She made of marriage a mere game of shuttlecock, let love say what it would. If he—Max Beauregard—would not lower his colors to her, she would not wear the willow. Why should she?

The game went on, Max gaining surely on his opponent, till by-and-by she glanced up.

"No use going on," she said. "I may as well resign. The game is yours."

"I think it is." But he said it coldly. Valerie looked at him again, covertly this time, and with a sudden, impetuous movement, swept up the game. "There was no need for that," said Beauregard, coolly, "since you had resigned."

Valerie leaned back on her cushions, a little ashamed of her outbreak, but the fact was her whole mental atmosphere was charged with electricity; her nerves were at a tension that would not bear much more straining.

Beauregard put the chessmen in their box and rose.

"I am sorry I asked you to play," he said, in a changed, a softened manner. "I don't think you were in the mood. Can I fetch any book for you?"

"No, thanks. I was as much in the mood for chess as for anything else. I am not good company for anyone just now," she added, a little confusedly, feeling that some explanation was required, but assuredly not making it very happily.

"You shall not be troubled with mine, then, Valerie; but I don't think you have much chance of solitude here, if that is what you wish."

"I didn't mean to be so rude as I seemed, Colonel Beauregard," said the poor child, biting her lip hard. "I know I can't be alone, and I don't wish to be either. I have been worried, that's all."

"I know it, Valerie," said Beauregard, in a low voice; "and I think I know—I wish——"

He stopped, and turned away abruptly, crushing back the words on his tongue. He must not say them, he had no right to say them—and how could he trust himself?

"I wish you would be true to your better nature; cast off the dross, and let the pure gold come to the surface."

No; if he spoke like this how much more might he not say? And he could not counsel Valerie as a friend, for it was not as a friend he loved her; not as a friend she regarded him.

The girl half divined the unuttered words, and held her breath, trembling inwardly as she watched Beauregard cross the room.

He turned back in a minute or two, and paused by the couch, looking down on the girl. Her head was drooping; she dared not raise her eyes to his.

"I have no power to help you," he said, after a moment's silence, and his voice shook; "it is too late for that. And perhaps I may be wronging you, but if not ——"

Steps sounded without. Beauregard bent down and laid his hand on the bowed golden head:

"Oh, Valerie!"—what passionate pain there was in his voice—"you cannot blot out the past, but you might live a nobler life in the future!"

He went out through the window on to the terrace as Angela opened the door and ran into the room.

"Young ladies' confidences. Is she not coming down?"

"Not until dinner time."

She glanced up in Colonel Beauregard's face, but could make nothing of it. Just outside the drawing-room door she paused, and said, pleadingly:

"Don't let them tease me too much, Colonel Beauregard, will you?"

"I will protect you," said he, smiling, "like a veritable knight-errant, if you will give me my guerdon—to be paid beforehand."

"For fear I should cheat you? But knights-errant never sought reward."

"Not in gold; but what I ask is more priceless than gold—this."

He bent down smiling, and just touched his lips to her brow—a brother's kiss.

"Dear old Hal's betrothed is my sister, you know," he said.

"I am so happy that you should feel so," said the girl, her face radiant; and then he opened the door and led the fugitive into the drawing-room.

Valerie appeared at dinner, and was, to all outward seeming, as brilliant as ever; and in the drawing-room afterward her soft laugh was often heard. She sang some of her best songs, and one might have thought the girl had never shed a tear. Yet she knew Max Beauregard was not deceived; her acting was not for him, but for the others; and all the time her heart was throbbing like the throb of a minute-bell tolling the passing hours. To-morrow—Wednesday, then one day more, and then the promised answer; and that answer would be the fiat that parted her from Max Beauregard forever.

And when she went up to bed—having scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with Max the whole evening—Fanchon told her in great delight that the ball-dress had arrived from London, and was a "poem!" Would mademoiselle try it on?

"No," said Valerie; "it will tire my ankle, to-night. To-morrow morning will do."

But Mrs. Langley came in to see how the dress fitted, so Valerie gave in and submitted to the draping process.

The dress was made in most artistic fashion—artistic as painters, not as dressmakers, understand the word—and seemed all lace and silver as it fell around the girl's slender form—a fitting robe for the Fairy Queen. The thought came into her mind with inexpressible bitterness; but it all seemed to her like a rehearsal of a play never intended to be put on the stage. She would never wear the dress. Why worry her with it, and go into ecstasies over it?

"Take it off," she said at last, impatiently, to Fanchon. "I am tired of standing, and I hate having things tried on."

"Mademoiselle has not even looked at herself!" remonstrated Fanchon, ruefully.

"I am dressed for other people to look at," returned her mistress, carelessly. "There! bundle the thing away, and take these," pulling off her bracelets and flinging them on a couch. She had dropped into a fauteuil. Her aunt came near to bid good night.

"You don't seem quite yourself to-night, my dear!" she said, in a low tone.

"Don't I?" replied the girl, with a half laugh. "Do you mean this evening, or just now?"

"Just now."

"Ah, I thought so. You always call the mask the face, and the face the mask."

And of that reply Mrs. Langley had to make the best she could; but that "best" was not very satisfactory. Certainly Valerie was an enigma.

* * * * * * * *

Friday dawned with the promise of a glorious day; and Valerie, who had scarcely slept during the night, rose before the sun was fairly above the horizon. She dressed quickly, and then began moving about, opening drawers, and taking out sundry articles, which she put altogether in one drawer, previously cleared out for the purpose. They were entirely personal *souvenirs* thus collected—photographs, nicknacks, bought on the Continent out of her own pocket-money, and such things. Jewels were not touched, nor wearing apparel. "I will tell Fanchon by-and-by," the girl said to herself, "what clothes to pack. The jewels are not mine!"

Her face was white and resolute while she went about her strange task, her eyes dry and tearless. One large box made of satin-wood, inlaid with silver, she took in her hands with a special and reverent care, and was about to put it in the drawer with happiest girl alive, and then fretting over me."

"Don't talk like that, Valerie," said the other, her eyes full of tears. "My happiness can't make me indifferent to your unhappiness."

Valerie turned aside; her bosom heaved.

"Why do you care so much?" she said. "You know what I am; you know how little I am worth anyone's love!"

"You are not unworthy of love, Valerie; you hate the very part you play; you have not the courage of your intentions."

"I know what you mean, Amy; and it would be no good if I had. You are thinking of—of Colonel Beauregard."

"Yes—forgive me, Valerie."

"There's nothing to forgive; you can only judge, like the rest, by what you see. And yet, after all, I am a failure. I have not the courage of my intentions, you say, or what seemed my intentions."

"Were they not, Valerie? Were you not, at any rate, consenting?"

"Which is the same thing, isn't it? What does it matter what I intended, or appeared to intend? There will be an end of it all soon—very soon," she said, clasping her hands above her head.

"Valerie!" said Amy, startled. "You are talking very strangely."

"You'll understand me in a few days' time. Don't ask me any more questions. I couldn't answer them."

"I must ask one or two, Valerie. Angela said you had heard from Aston Lawford."

"Who told her?"

"Lady Elinor. Did he write to renew his offer, Valerie?"

"Yes."

"And you—you won't dream of marrying him?" said Amy, earnestly.

"No; I won't marry Aston Lawford. I haven't answered his letter, and I don't mean to."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, Valerie. But Mrs. Langley?"

"I have never followed aunt Constance's lead," returned Valerie, coolly, "and I am not likely to begin now. You open your eyes—mentally I mean; you think she had planned, and I have consented. Have I? You will know soon, Amy. But I have followed my own lead from the beginning, and I shall follow it to the end."

"I don't understand you, Valerie; you are talking in enigmas," said Amy, putting her arms round her friend again. "I must try and be patient; but this I know—that you are not happy."

"Never mind," said the other, restlessly, "let me live in your happiness, Amy; talk to me about yourself, and your dear old Hal. When are you going to be married, and where will you live? and tell me everything you can think of."

So Amy obeyed, and stayed with Valerie till tea-time, when she was dismissed, Valerie herself having tea sent up to her; she would come down to dinner, she said; but she wanted to be alone for awhile.

[To be Continued]

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The house and the lands which surrounded it were the home and property of John Blanchard. The land was left to him by his father, but the house he built himself after he had made a fortune, for he inherited but little capital from his father. He was also fortunate because he was soon to be married, and he could give his wife an elegant home.

Well, he did marry, and he took his beautiful young bride to the home that he had prepared for her.

There they lived happy in their love, and when, a few years later, their child was born they called her Dorothy. Mrs. Blanchard's maiden name was Margaret Gregg. She had an adopted brother, Richard, the orphaned son of a very distant relative of Margaret's father. As Richard—he was more commonly called "Dick"—came into the family when but a mere child, the two children had become as much endeared to each other as if they were actually brother and sister. They grew up together, and three years before Margaret married John Blanchard, Dick wedded Mary Curtin. This young wife was not destined to long enjoy her happiness, for when her son came into the world, she passed out of it, leaving a husband stricken down by a grief from which he never recovered. His child he cared for, but could not love so dearly because he always felt that little Willie's life was poor compensation for his wife's death.

It was not long after the birth of little Dorothy Blanchard that Dick Gregg, broken-spirited and broken-hearted, ended his young life. The little one was left without home, and it was then that he was brought into the family of John Blanchard. Thus like her mother, Dorothy had a companion in her childhood That was a happy home for six years. Not a shadow crossed the light of happiness of its occupants. When, however, a certain important case compelled John to stay at his law office two or three nights a week for several weeks, the first light white cloud of unhappiness appeared on the horizon of Margaret's life, for never until then had he left her for a single night. When she asked him why he stayed so long, and he said that he could not tell her then, the little white cloud became a large, dark cloud of suspicion. And when she heard at last, by an anonymous letter, that the case was in some way connected with a woman to whom formerly he had been engaged, the cloud of suspicion took the black and hideous form of jealousy.

It was a hard blow which some cowardly hand had dealt that happy home, but it did its work well. Poor Margaret was overcome by grief and anger, and in her hour of dispair she took the step that brought dreariness into two lives for many years after. Where could she go? To whom could she turn? There was only one—her father. He would share her grief.

The wind was howling dismally without, an appropriate accompaniment to the storm that was raging within Margaret's heart. She went to the window and drew up the curtain. The pitchy darkness awed her. The first great drops of a shower were splashed against the window-pane and they startled her. With no light in the room, she stood gazing out into the ominous darkness of the night. A terrible sense of her loneliness was stealing over her, for she knew that her husband would not return for nearly three hours. She was startled from her dream by a flash of lightning, and then the harsh clap of thunder which followed made her recoil and draw the draperies of the window about her. Another flash soon followed, and by its sudden light she saw their carriage coming up the driveway. She started and muttered: "Yes just the thing." So, turning quickly, she rang the bell for her maid.

"Tell Michael not to unharness yet," she said.

"Yes, madam," replied the maid, with an incredulous stare.

"No. You may rather tell him to be at the porch door in ten minutes."

"Shall I return to you then?

"No. I do not need your help."

With that the maid withdrew, and Margaret hastened to her room. Throwing on her cloak, she started down the stairs, but, remembering the children, she hastened back. The little Dorothy was sleeping in her crib, quietly, peacefully. Stepping up to her, the mother kissed her softly on her cheek and bade her "Good-by, my pet, until to-morrow." Willie had not yet retired, and Margaret said to herself: "Shall I take him with me?" "Yes." He would be company for her on the ride; and, besides, his grandfather would be glad to see him. So hastily pulling on his coat and hat, she hustled the astonished boy down to the porch door, where she found the carriage in waiting.

"How far is it to papa's, Michael?" she asked.

"Near siven miles, mum," was the answer.

"Can you drive there and back in two hours?"

"It's a hard night, mum, but I guess I can make it."

"You must get back before Mr. Blanchard returns."

"Sure and I will, mum."

The wind was now blowing such a gale that it was with difficulty that the footman held the carriage door open for Margaret and Willie to enter. Oh! It was a terrible night! The weired shrieking of the wind and the beating of the rain against the roof of the carriage filled Margaret with a sort of vague fear and trembling.

Michael cracked his whip and they were off. Down the driveway that led under the two maples they went. A terrible blast of wind made the trees groan. Another more terrific and—my God, man hasten for your lives! That's right! Cut your horses with the whip! for see! the

Continued on page 6.

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Goes right to the spot

—one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do the right kind of work when they get there, too. No violence, no unpleasantness—but a mild and gentle cleansing and regulating of the whole system. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured. They're the best Liver Pill ever made. Purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, easiest to take, and always fresh and reliable. Gently aperient, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose—one tiny "Pellet" for a dose. They're the smallest in size, but the most satisfactory in result.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get. Can you ask more?

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. GET THE GENUINE.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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25 Cts. Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life: embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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Would you rather buy lamp-chimneys, one a week the year round, or one that lasts till some accident breaks it?

Common glass may break or not the minute you light your lamp; if not, the first draft may break it; if not, it may break from a mere whim.

Tough glass chimneys, Macbeth's "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass," almost never break from heat, not one in a hundred.

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which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand. *Guarantee.* If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money. Write for treatise and testimonials.

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Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M.
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 18	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 16	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 48	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	22.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 26
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 06	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 [illegible]	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 42	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
			EASTWARD	
TYRONE		7 55	2 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	8 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 29	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	36.8	9 32	4 40	9 18
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.9	10 20	5 13	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 38	a 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1891.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis. Eastward		
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	9 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 19	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6[illegible]	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 10
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 [illegible]	3 1
6 50	11 40	26.5	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	8.50	2.15		MONTANDON	5.50	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG	Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG	Ar		9.10	5.35
5.4	6.30	2.35		Biehl f			9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f			8.55	5.19
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG			8.43	5.10
12.1	6.52	2.57		Barber f			8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03		Swengle f			8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05		Millmont			8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON			8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25		Pardee f			8.06	4.35
23.9	7.23	3.38		Cherry Run f			7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f			7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f			7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00		Coburn			7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		Zerby f			7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17		Rising Springs			7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25		Penn'sCave f			7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL			6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37		Gregg f			6.51	3.22
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall			6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL			6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52		LEMONT			6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f			6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f			6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axemann f			6.15	
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE			6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD,—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD	
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	No.1	No.3
P.M	A.M			A.M	P.M
6 20	5 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	6 00	3 [illegible]
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	6 37	3 [illegible]
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	6 11	3 [illegible]
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	6 15	3 [illegible]
5 59	8 51		Linns	6 1[illegible]	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Fillmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	18.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	LYSTATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily	11 25 p m	
" " Harrisburg "	3 33 a m	
" " William'port "	7 10 a m	
" " Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m	
" " Lock Haven "	7 55 a m	
" " Renovo "	8 55 a m	
" arrives Erie "	3 40 p m	
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m	
" " Harrsburg "	12 00 m	
" arrives at Wmsport "	3 20 p m	
" " Lock Haven "	4 10 p m	
" " Renovo "	5 15 p m	
" " Kane "	9 20 p m	
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at	5 20 p m	
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m	
" " Harrisburg "	3 45 p m	
" " Williamsport "	7 10 p m	
" arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m	
" " Renovo "	9 00 p m	
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia	4 3 a m	
" " Harrisburg	8 10 a m	
" " Williamsport	11 20 a m	
" " arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m	
Wms'port Ex. l'vs Phila	4 25 p m	
" " Harrisburg	7 32 p m	
" " arrive Williamsport	10 20 p m	
	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express l'vs L Haven w	7 20 a m	
" " " Jersey Shore	7 48 a m	
" " " Wms'port	8 25 a m	
" arrives at Harrisburg	11 25 a m	
" " " Phila	3 15 a m	
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m	
" " " Renovo	10 20 a m	
" " " Lock Haven	11 20 a m	
" " " Williamsport	12 30 p m	
" arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m	
" " " Philadelphia	6 50 p m	
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily	5 27 p m	
" " " Renovo	10 35 p m	
" " " Lock Haven	11 25 p m	
" " " Williamsport	12 25 p m	
" " arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m	
" " " Philadelphia	6 50 p m	
RENOVO AC'N leaves Renovo	4 45 p m	
" " arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m	
" " " Philadelphia	4 25 a m	
WMS'PORT EXP. lv's Wms'port	2 42 a m	
" " arrives at Harrisburg	5 30 a m	
" " leaves "	7 00 a m	
" " arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m	

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 W H C Warfel	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowShoe
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

Republican Protection Did It.

In 1860 the total value of our imports was $353,610,000 and the total value of our exports was $315,240,000.

In 1891, under Republican protection, our imports amounted in value to $844,920,000 and our exports amounted in value to $872,270,000.

This increase of $491,310,000, or 139 per cent., in our imports, and 556,030,000, or 176 per cent., in our exports, was caused by Republiaan protection.

While the number of factory hands in the District of Columbia was increasing from 6.146
in 1880 to 21,855
in 1890, the total amount of wages paid was increased from $3,624,612
to $13,881,008.
In other words, the average annual wages have increased from $549,20
in 1880 to $635,60
in 1890. No wonder Free Trader Francis A. Walker says in the last edition of his work on political economy that protection does create and maintain higher wages in the factory industries.

Here is a result of Republican reciprocity which free trade papers will carefully abstain from discussing. The imports of American flour into Havana for the months of January and February, 1891, were 5,758 sacks.

For the same months in 1892 they were $3,643 sacks.

The McKinley law is the best tariff measure the American farmer ever had.

The average weekly wage of silk weavers in Macciesfield, England, are $3,16

The broad silk weavers of Paterson, N. J., get on an average $15
per week.

The Paterson ribbon weavers get $18

Two pearl button factories, employing about twenty hands, were in operation in Newark, N. J., before the new tariff law was passed. None was exclusively turning out pearl buttons elsewhere in this country. To-day twelve factories, employing 600 people, at wages ranging from $18 to $23 for experts and $6 to $10 for boys and girls, are prospering in Newark. Reliable estimates place the number of hands employed in pearl button factories started in this country under the new tariff at 5,000.

The Republican protective policy alone achieved this gratifying result, for the workmen who earn $18 to $23 per week here get from $3.50 to $5 per week in Austin.

In 1891, during the eight months ending February 28, the exports of fresh and dried fruits from the United States to Cuba amounted in value to $16,973.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding period, our exports of such articles to that country amounted in value to $87,898.

This increase of $70.925, or 420 per cent., was due to Republican reciprocity.

In 1874 there were in the United States 190 silk mills, with an annual product valued at $13,000,000, and employing about 25,000 persons.

In 1891, under Republican protection, there were in this country 584 silk mills, with an annual product valued at over $60,000,000, and employing about 55,000 persons.

This increase of 394 in the number of silk mills, $46,5000,000 in the value of the material produced, and 30,000 in the number of persons employed was due to Republican protection.

Here is a result of Republican reciprocity which free trade papers will carefully abstain from discussing. The imports of American flour into Havana for the months of January and February, 1891, were 5,758 sacks.

For the same months in 1892 they were 83,643 sacks.

The McKinley law is the best tariff measure the American farmer ever had.

Farm and Garden Notes

Bran softens butter, corn hardens it.

The best churning temperature is sixty degrees.

The hen that sings is the hen that can be depended upon to do her best to pay her way. She has vigor, and it comes out in her voice.

Boiled potato parings and cabbage, with enough corn meal added to take up the moisture will be greedily eaten by the chickens.

Geese will be more extensively bred on the farm this season. Farmers have their eyes on geese culture; it means something and you will see it.

Feeding poor cows poor food, to make poor butter for poor prices, is the best way of making certain that you always scratch a poor man's head.

If a cow's toes get forced apart by a quantity of manure, corn cobs or anything else in them, take it out and relieve her pain. She will then give more milk.

The cows will soon begin to shed the hair into the milk. To prevent this brush them off on the side over the udder where your head rubs against her; also brush the udder.

Have you got those fences all in repair? Now is the time before work begins in the field to put them all in order. Clear out the fence corners that are chocked with old briar stalks so you can cut the green ones when they come up with a scythe.

Perhaps your flock of poultry needs new fresh blood for its invigoration. if so the sooner the matter is attended to the better. A good male bird has considerable value and therefore it is folly to expect to obtain such, save by the payment of a good price. A real good fowl is cheaper at $5 than a poor one is at seventy-five cents or $1.

Bulk is a great desideratum in grain fed to poultry. This is obtained by mixing bran with corn-meal, and feeding oats rather than much corn. Corn-meal alone is far too heavy. The digestive organs cannot extract all the nutriment contained in such solid substances. Mix the same however with light bran and the case is entirely different.

There is nothing like keeping fowls busy. Idle hens as truly as idle boys are sure to "get into mischief," which in the case of the hens consisted very often in the acquisition of that very annoying and troublesome habit, "egg eating." Keep the hens scratching most of the time thereby giving them something to do and promoting their general health and prolificness.

A half dozen small "hen coops" are much more useful than one massive structure affording an equal area. We all know that a coop of ten or twelve hens is usually profitable whereas multiples of the same are rarely satisfactary. This is the great secret of running a large poultry farm. Divided up so that each individual bird may have „as good a show" and as much room as upon the ordinary farm, where not more than a score or two of fowls are usually bred.

Never omit oyster shell charcoal pounded bone and lime from the "bill of fare." Shells furnish "grit" so necessary for the proper digestion of the food of all birds. Charcoal is a grand absorbent, keeping the crop sweet and healthy. Bone also supplies "grit" and consists largely of Phosphate of lime, which is doubtless available for the formation of shell as well as other parts of the egg. Common lime is composed of carbonate of lime to a considerable extent and this is also shell forming material.

Was the War a Picnic.

The following is taken from the editorial columns of the *National Tribune*, of Washington:

Let some man who thinks so take a blanket some cold, rainy night and go out and sleep in a pig pen. If he wants to be really luxurious he may lay a couple of rails together to keep him out of the mud. He will thus find out how the "boys" slept about 100 days out of every year they served.

Let him get up in the morning and make his breakfast off a slice of the fattest, rankest salt pork he can find in the bottom of a barrel of brine; sandwich this between two ancient crackers, about as digestible as white-poplar chips, and wash it down with scalding black coffee, made in a quart cup, over a fire of wet sticks in a fence corner.

Let him pick up his dirty blanket, load himself down with about 30 pounds of odds and ends, and tramp off through the rain and ankle deep mud until noon, when he can stop for a few minutes for another snack of fat pork, hardtack and black coffee.

Then let him resume his tramp, with no loitering, no picking out of dry places, no avoiding the mud holes in the middle of the road, no hunting around for dry crossings of the creeks in his way, until late at night, when he may stop for awhile to make his supper of the same materials which comprised his other two meals.

Then, as his every bone and muscle aches from the laborious march let some one say to him: "Here, Jones, you had a good rest last night; you must go on picket to-night." And then let him stand the livelong night under a dripping tree, peering out anxiously into the dense darkness for skulking enemies intent upon putting a bullet or a bayonet into his weary body, and be kept awake by the fear that he will be shot by friends or enemies if he dares yield to fatigue. Let the morning bring no rest to him, but another day of weary tramping through the mud and rain, with the prospect that in the course of it he and his companions will encounter a horde of bitter enemies, intent upon their destruction who will at once proceed to shoot down about one man in every three or four of them.

If he will go through a week of this sort of picnicing, he will think that a pension of $8 a month for the rest of his life would be mighty poor compensation for all that he had to endure.

Yet this is only a sample of what the men in the Union army had to go through not merely one week, but nearly every week in all the years of their enlistment.

Mr. William Hastings, the learned and much traveled brother of General D. H. Hastings, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Saturday morning and spent Sunday at the home of the General. The latter came home on Friday evening.

After the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your strength and health, and expel every trace of poison from the blood.

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th street, New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write to him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

Numerous grandchildren of both the contracting parties attended the wedding of a groom of 75 and a bride of 71 at Crawfordsville, Ind., a few days ago.

In no three large cities in Europe have greater advances in sanitations been shown during the last 20 years than in the cities of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta.

Officer A. H. Braley
of the Fall River Police

Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt tired all the time. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvellous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man, and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It

March April May

is very important that during the months of **March April May** the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the **Best Spring Medicine.**

The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: I have had **salt rheum** for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been **broken out very badly.** I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to **walk with crutches.** I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. **The Inflammation** has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I concluded to write this voluntary statement." F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgeway, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Best dinner pill.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED lands for Taxes for 1890 and 1891—Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the non-payment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Pa., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Acrs.	Per.	Warrantee Name	Taxes
		BOGGS TOWNSHIP	
433	163	Godfrey Martha	$ 25 82
438	163	Harvey Jonathan	17 46
431	40	Hood Moses	17 68
150		Lane Sarah	6 15
		BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP	
415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	122	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	163	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Gobin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thomas	6 07
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
200		Miller William	2 80
70		Nickolson John	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 65
433	183	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walter	24 00
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
143		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Tallman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 09
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
433	163	Wallace Joseph	12 81
415		Weltzell John	22 41
123		Wheeler Henry	3 71
204		Withington Martin	6 11
		COLLEGE TOWNSHIP	
147		Johnson Ross	3 96
250		Johnson Thomas	9 00
		CURTIN TOWNSHIP	
50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
294		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
294	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	33 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
420	48	Myers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
196		Miller James	10 78
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	13 20
		FERGUSON TOWNSHIP	
100		Burch Seld Wm	5 55
29	48	Bates Daniel	2 15
12		Glasgow Silas	1 85
10		Hicks Abram	1 30
10		" "	19
		GREGG TOWNSHIP	
200		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
200		Carson John	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
380		Hubby Barnard	6 41
106	126	Hahn William	7 80
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter John	1 74
125		Richardson Isaacs	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 80
		HAINES TOWNSHIP	
121		Barr Thomas	1 92
125		Barr James	2 01
129		Barr Mary	2 07
100		Gratz Michael	1 50
306	89	" "	4 90
405		Gratz Simon	6 49
209		Grove Wendell	3 35
435		Hall Chas	15 21
95		Hayes Calvin M	41
112		Henry Joseph	1 80
133		Links Mary	2 14
80		Motz John	64
120		Rhoads Daniel	1 92
388		Seidell Philip	6 53
303		Seidell Peter	5 96
		HALFMOON TOWNSHIP	
216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
70		Pyle Jacob	2 21
44		Unknown	1 55
		HARRIS TOWNSHIP	
94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
196		Fisher J C	8 59
260		Gregg Thomas	4 16
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stophel	1 12
75		Irwin John	2 29
158		" "	3 61
10		Irwin Wm	52
169		Mitchell John	8 70
231		"	10 75
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
260		McClellan George	3 65
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds John	4 50
212		"	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
235		" "	11 99
100		Unknown	1 29
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		"	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 39
75		Wilson William	1 29
30		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05
		HOWARD TOWNSHIP	
107	104	Brown Samuel	8 03
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
136	92	Harris Jas D	5 33
		LIBERTY TOWNSHIP	
80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
166		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ⅓ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 57
185		Jackson Jeremiah	7 41
125		"	5 02
209		Krouse Daniel	8 00
150		Lytle Peter	6 71
		MARION TOWNSHIP	
197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	McKinney David	6 95
80		Young Robt	1 24
		MILES TOWNSHIP	
440		Brady Wm P	4 27
273		Barton Wm	5 05
403		Carothers Jas	5 40
209		Carothers Thos	3 70
250		Cooper W E	18 50
424		Calhoun Geo	31 28
209		Gray Robt	14 80
100		Hepburn Jas	2 06
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	134	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " "	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
209		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swineford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benjamin	2 91
		PENN TOWNSHIP	
200		McCauley Wm	7 00
300		Montgomery Wm	10 50
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swineford Peter ½ of	2 93
400		Swineford George	7 20
		POTTER TOWNSHIP	
265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alex	1 96
133		Deninger Christ	7 80
309		Falls Thomas	4 27
268		" "	7 88
84		Frick John Jr	4 92
198		Fulmer H B	2 51
209		Garrigas Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 32
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 34
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
309		McClellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robert	19 32
86		" "	1 71
138		" David	2 70
262		" "	15 34
195		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
98		Patterson Benjamin	5 62
447		Parker	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 00
		POTTER TOWNSHIP	
100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
108	61	Telly, Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86
		BUSH TOWNSHIP	
433	153	Allison John	204 78
328		Allison Jas	157 44
250		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lilly	19 20
40	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
381	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Beech William	45 47
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
433	153	Burg John	9 09
435	163	Collins Zachens	9 09
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 28
433	153	Grant Thomas	103 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	2 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	153	Hess Henry	9 10
433	153	Hess Christian	9 10
433	163	Hopkins Joseph	14 95
433	163	Hopkins John	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	62 40
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	Irvin Robert ¼ of	13 65
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	27 38
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
400		Matlock Nathaniel	8 40
200		Matlock Josiah	4 20
433	153	Malone Richard	9 11
433	153	" "	20 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
26	152	McCoy William	55
425		Morris Richard	8 93
433	153	Morris Casper W	9 09
433	153	Morgan Benjamin F	9 09
433	153	Morgan B F ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Morris Isaac W	9 09
100		McCord J R & A Campbell	6 25
433	153	Musser John ¼ of	11 39
433	153	" " ¾ of	13 69
433	153	Morgan B R ¼ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 09
322	153	Old Davis	54 39
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Philips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
433	153	Peters Richard ¼ of	11 39
177	84	Philips Hardman	33 98
433	153	Reed Robert	9 09
40		Reed John	5 04
433	153	Rudisill Jacob	20 97
433	153	Rush Benjamin	103 93
38		Robinson Wm H	3 99
36		" "	3 78
216		Ranny Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough George	41 57
433	153	Stoner Christian	45 47
433		Stoner John	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Witmer Henry	18 53
12		Williams J C	1 73
326¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
346	39	Wister Bartholomew	7 27
433	153	Wister Thomas	9 09
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson John	4 54
433	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 69
		SPRING TOWNSHIP	
186	115	Purdue John E	9 81
300		Robinson Catherine	14 20
300		Robinson Rebecca	8 40
150		Robinson Richard	5 33
100		Unknown	4 21
		SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP	
433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher James C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¼ of	9 31
433	153	" "	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ⅓ of	2 97
216		" "	2 97
162		Tompkins Jos	26 73
433	163	Waln Phoebe	31 82
39	29	Wharton Mary M	2 20
39	29	" "	2 20
		TAYLOR TOWNSHIP	
76		Anshultz Geo	3 65
62		Beckwith Clement	8 95
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
153		Hootman Elizabeth	12 62
434		Montgomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	20 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
200		Whitehead Richard	19 20
		UNION TOWNSHIP	
150		Brown William	6 30
117		Davis Boyce	5 25
159	140	Marm Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wister Wm	17 59
		WALKER TOWNSHIP	
92	94	Askers Robert	2 01
212	10	Baker John	7 48
162		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
280	129	Currier Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Daugherty Mary	2 54
179	110	Daugherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
91	26	Eckert Wm	2 92
80		Fry George	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 38
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 66
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn William	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
327	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
90	94	Mercer John	8 47
327	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	36	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 64
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 00
182		Purden Richard	6 60
100		Purden Jno	2 39
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	138	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robt	27
		WORTH TOWNSHIP	
33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	88
380		Howthorn Thomas	3 46
345		Kuhnes John	23 00
260		Layman George	4 00
330		Mayland Jasper	4 60
264		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
100		Shippen Thomas L	14 70
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Shippen Wm Jr	3 45
237		Wister Wm	15 41
80		Wister Daniel	2 40
107		Unknown	15 19

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887 interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unseated lands above advertised. JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

ALSO,

All of the following lots or tracts of land returned by the tax collectors of the following districts, respectively, for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889, to the Commissioners of Centre county, for non payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Acr's	Lot	Name Ass'd in	Yr's	Taxes:
		PHILIPSBURG BORO.		
	Park	Ph'rg Park Assn	'87-88	$59 50
	Lot	Frank Nelson	"	15 66
	Lot	J M Kepler	"	53 55
	Found'y	Jones & Landon	'88	78 90
	Lot	Wesley Johnston	"	23 64
	Lot	Albert Owens	"	9 15
		BOGGS TWP.		
16		Ruth Negley	1889	2 30
		MILESBURG BORO		
	Lot	E A Green	'87-89	6 32
	Lot	Mrs Eliza McGhee	"	3 40
		BUSTON TWP		
433		Austin Swisher	1887	27 32
330		Bush & Tome	"	44 93
	Lot	Lizzie Light	"	18
100		E J Henderson est.	"	8 23
		LIBERTY TWP		
270		Christian Holter	1888	53 56
Mill & Farm		Jno Nestlerede	1889	83 38
		SPRING TWP		
	Lot	J L Murphy	1889	4 66
		WORTH TWP		
	Lot	C L Beckwith	1889	63
5		Isaac Jarrett	1888-89	86
	Lot	Elizabeth Snyder	"	64
	Lot	Philip Newman	1889	3 95
		J I Thompson	1889	20 10
	Lot	John Erb	1889	58

JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

"WANTED" Men to represent me. Will pay salary, or commission weekly. Stock and square dealing guaranteed; write me quick, and secure choice of territory and terms. E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. 16 4t

PRINTING.

Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done.

PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.

Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,

Republican, Bellefonte.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712

JOHN C. MILLER.
PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT
Real Estate and Collection Agency.
Rents or Sells Property of all Kinds.
Does a General Collection Business
Opens or Closes Books for Firms or Individuals.
Special Attention Given to Collecting Rents and Business Accounts.
If you have any property for sale or rent or wish to buy or rent property, call and see me at
Room 13, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa.
JOHN C. MILLER.
23 19 1m

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Bdy., N. Y. 14 1m

ACTIVE, RELIABLE MEN WANTED!
The year round to represent us in the sale of Nursery Stock. Local or traveling. Good wages and expenses, or commission. O D. GREENE, Syracuse, N. Y. 23 14 1m

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of March, 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of April, the 24th day of April, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner

MUST QUALIFY.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS MUST PROMISE TO UPHOLD THE STATE.

On the 16th of April, 1891, an act was passed and approved by the governor in regard to the office of school director which may not be generally known. Regular blanks are provided which gives the oath that must be taken by the school directors before an officer legally authorized to administer the same, before he can assume his position. It is as follows:

OATH OF OFEICE FOR DIRECTORS.

I.....have been elected to the office of school director for the district of.....county of.....and state of Pennsylvania, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the constitution of the United States, and the constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the laws thereof; that I have used no unlawful means to procure my election to the said office; that I will discharge the duties of the office of school director faithfully and impartially, and to the best of my understanding and ability.

Signature.....

The document when properly filled out must be filed with the secretary of the board and he is requested to enter the same upon his minutes.

Large Sawmill.

The largest sawmill plant now in the valley, is at Woodward. It consists of two steam mills—the main mill that manufactures the lumber, adjoins the pike, opposite the hotel. The other mill contains the edging machinery, and is about 100 yards distant from the other. Immense piles of manufactured lumber show that no small amount of stuff is used up by this mill.

The supply of logs comes from Pine Creek hollow, six miles distant, into which a railroad has been constructed, and this is equipped with one or two small locomotives, which, with their train of trucks steam up into the hollow for logs.

The lumber is shipped by wagons from the mill to Coburn, the nearest railroad station. At one time the mill company contemplated laying a track to Coburn, and run their stock to the above point by rail. This would have afforded Woodward and the lower end railroad facilities which would have proven a convenience, even if of a rude sort.—*Reporter.*

Some Pennsylvania Fish Laws.

As April 15 was the opening of the trout season, we give an extract of the state laws covering the fishing season. "Trout, April 15 to July 15; black bass, May 30 to Jan. 1 salmon, pike and pickerel, June 1 to Jan. 1; German carp, Sept. 1 to May 1 Bass six inches and under, if captured must be returned to the water alive. Catching of bass, trout and all game fish with nets prohibited. The following are the penalities for violating the laws: Fishing with nets and set lines is positively prohibited by the laws of the state. Penalty, $50 for first offence and $100 for second offence. Penalty, $10 for each trout or bass taken out of season. Fish wardens, constables, or any officer of the state, is authorized to arrest, without warrant, any person violating any of the fish laws. One half of the penalty goes to the informer."

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Death of Mrs. McClure.

On last Saturday E. C. Humes, Esq., president of the First National Bank, in this place, received a dispatch announcing the death of his sister, Mrs. Alexander McClure, at her home in Lewisburg, at quite an advanced age, and after an illness of long duration. Mrs. McClure was a daughter of Hamilton Humes. She was a highly respected and much esteemed lady and her death will be mourned by a large circle of friends. The funeral occurred on Wednesday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in Lewisburg.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

s 24–1 y

LETTER LIST.

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., April 18, 1892.

Albert Austin, D. Durkin, James Fitzpatrick, Verge Gill, Mrs. Gehretleall Mrs. Mary E. Hoover, Mrs. Ellen Hoy, John L. Hall, Mary McNally, Matthias Parker, John S. Spearly.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

—In the article on the death of Mrs. Annie Armagast, in our last week's paper the typo made us say that she was born in 1828; it should have read 1808. They also had her age as 64 it should have read 84 years. We regret those mistakes but did not discover them until the edition was all printed.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Spring Challies and Dimities: Cotton Dresses: Parasols: Millinery.

Challies now occupy a more important place among wool fabrics than heretofore; consequently the variety is very great, and the exquisite coloring of those in "crape finish," rival silks or expensive crepons. Their wide range of color, light weight and moderate price, render this material attractive to all classes, and no less than three hundred different patterns are shown by leading houses. Those in black grounds with designs in subdued colors, are worn by elderly persons, while others showing very delicate hues, make charming afternoon or evening dresses for young girls or children. Dimities continue in favor, and the only change is in larger flower or leaf patterns and the cords are more generally woven in clusters. Colored Swiss muslins in floral designs of all sizes, will be very popular as they are extremely pretty and reasonable in price retailing at 35 cents per yard.

COTTON DRESSES ARE MADE in much the same general style as wools or silks, ignoring waist seams to the greatest possible extent, thus ensuring the popularity of full fronts, puffed yokes and all graceful, easy styles. Embroidery, braid, ribbon or ecru lace are the accepted trimmings, and deep Point de Gene lace put on in round or pointed yoke shape, with ribbon shoulder knots, is as popular for cotton dresses as for those of wool; monotony also is avoided by the varied arrangement of lace and ribbon bows. The Watteau bow is a prominent accessory, placed at the back; either between the shoulders or at the waist line, but always with long ends reaching to the edge of the skirt. Silk waists will be worn more than ever, not only of plain material but also of flowered silk in self colors, and the manifest advantage in summer costumes of skirt and waist being separate, has appeared strongly against princesse styles. Pointed waists are very popular, and at a recent Broadway opening, the graceful appearance of the corsage was universally remarked; subsequently it was learned that R. & G. corsets had been put on the forms and waists fitted over them, with a charming result.

THE ALL PERVADING CHANGEABLE COLORS extend to parasols for general use, and colored surahs with pinked ruffles are still in favor; for dressy occasions however nothing is more stylish than white parasols, either of pongee trimmed with chiffon or silk embroidered crepe de Chine ruffles headed by a full puff, or over a marcelline foundation white chiffon embroidered in tiny rose-buds, is draped very full, edged with one or two chiffon frills. Crape parasols in delicate hues, bordered by self-colored rufflings, and with natural wood handles are very stylish and more serviceable than those white. The quiet elegance of a black lace parasol causes them to remain favorites; black pongee trimmed with black chiffon ruffles embroidered in colors is also very attractive and equally desirable Great preference is shown for natural wood handles, twisted in fanciful coils or hooks, German cherry being in special demand.

ROUND SHAPES IN MILLINERY still lead, and while some are small others are quite on the Grainsborough order. Trimmings are more in the centre of the hat than formerly, and the high loop, aigrette, ostrich tip or cluster of flowers is always there; except on very large hats in which case the trimming is more evenly disposed, but still by no means flat. Light or dark moire ribbon are the rage, arranged in graceful loops confined by Rhinestone pins or buckles, and hats for young people have two long streamers flowing loosely at the back, fully a yard and a half in length; sometimes caught together by a silk or velvet bow. White lace is much in vogue and is often essential in the harmonious combination of varied colors.

VERONA CLARKE.

Baby Alfonso is on the new Spanish postage stamp.

—There are nearly 3,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

—Wolverhampton has a bullock with a wooden leg and a good appetite.

—The glare of the white, sandy plains of Africa produces dangerous ophthalmia.

A Maine boy of 8 years is said to be able to repeat 40 chapters of the Bible.

—It cost over $200 recently in legal fees in South Carolina to settle a claim of $5.

The Emperor of China has ten men whose sole duty is to carry his umbrella.

A monster resembling a gorilla is said to be terrorizing the people of Brownsville, Ky.

The contractor who built an Indiana jail now occupies one of its cells as a prisoner.

—A mother, father and their 18 children joined in one day a Mennonite colony in Lane county, Ore.

A crow with only one leg, and upon that leg only one toe, was a curiosity shot recently at Lenoir, N. C.

French reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the pencil.

There is a brisk trade in second-hand tombstones in London. Still stranger is the custom of selling family vaults partly filled.

Paris is now the best lighted city in the world, and a model for all cities that are bent on introducing electric lighting on a grand scale.

A THOUGHTLESS DYNAMITE BLASTER

Careful with His Blasts, but Reckless with His Sympathy.

A blaster in the northern part of the city got himself into serious difficulty by failing to appreciate a situation. He had carefully prepared to set off six charges of dynamite at once. The usual pile of logs was heaped on top of the blasts, and then the electric battery did its work. A heavy explosion followed, but no harm was done. It was declared to be a successful blast. But it was afterward discovered that one of the charges had failed to go off. The blaster then proceeded to get at this charge with great care. The logs were cautiously removed, and a laborer was set to work to remove the tamping with his fingers, this being an extremely delicate operation, so that he might put in a new fuse and reconnect the electric battery with it.

Everything seemed to be going on smoothly, when the charge took a fancy to explode. It exploded all in one direction. Strangely enough, the man who was removing the tamping and those who were standing around him were not injured, but the dynamite when it went off picked up two or three tons of rock, more or less, and started off with it at a lively gait. It carried it along a trench, across a street, over part of a five acre lot and dumped the whole mass into a respected taxpayer's front parlor. Then the dynamite began to play small boy. It threw stones at the statuary in the room, smashed paintings, broke every window there and filled the piano with a select assortment of smashed rock freshly gathered from the blasting trench. A first class, old and experienced cyclone could not have had more fun with parlor furniture than that blast had.

The blasting contractor was sorry that his dynamite had strayed away from its proper pastures and set out to find it. When he reached the house in the five acre lot, where the wanderer had been seen to enter, he saw the owner of the furniture looking around at the wreck in a dazed way.

"Seems to have got in here, doesn't it?" said the owner of the dynamite, sympathetically.

"I should think it had!" gasped the owner of the furniture.

"Broke a few windows, I see," said the owner of the dynamite consolingly.

"A few!" cried the owner of the furniture.

"Well," said the contractor, "I am sorry about those windows. I'll have new ones put in for you."

"How about that carpet?" cried the owner of the furniture.

"Oh, I'll have that cleaned up for you."

"How about those paintings?" screamed the outraged property owner.

"Um. Are they valuable?"

"Valuable! They're works of old masters."

"I am sorry," said the owner of the dynamite, with unaffected compassion.

"And how about that piano? You have filled it up with stones. There wasn't a better piano in the city of New York, and now it's ruined. Listen to this!" he shouted, and he struck several of the keys so that a dismal, hollow groan came from the inside of the piano where the affected chords protested against his touch.

"Oh," said the owner of the dynamite, a smile illuminating his face, "I'll send my carpenter over. We'll dig the stones out of the piano, and then I guess he can fix it up."

"Send a carpenter to fix my piano, will you?" roared the owner of the furniture. "Maybe you'll send a sailor to sew up those ruined canvases; maybe you'll send a scrubwoman to wash off those decorated walls; maybe you'll send a bricklayer to put that shattered Parian marble together again. Maybe you will and maybe you won't! You'll get sued; that's what you'll get!"

And now that the suit is begun, the owner of the dynamite is sorry that he did not use more diplomacy, and instead of a carpenter for the piano suggest a cabinet worker.—New York Tribune.

A Good Word for the Salvation Army.

The Rev. Philip S. Moxom, at a meeting to raise money for a "rescue home," said that since his study of the work of the Salvation Army in England he had had the most profound respect and the deepest sympathy for the Salvationists.

"They keep the back door open for the wanderer," he said, "but this is only a tithe of what they do. There has been some fashionable 'slumming' in Boston, but delicate young ladies cannot handle this work.

"There are reasons why the Salvation Army should establish this home. First, the army wishes to do it, and proposes to do it without kid gloves and without any moral squeamishness. They have the nerve to do it. Never in the history of the church of Christ has there been a body which has had the courage to face the filth of human nature as they have. They have the fiber, and the discipline, and the resolution to go where almost no one else can go. They have demonstrated by experience their ability to do this work."

Mr. Moxom then described his visit to Sydenham, at the great mass meeting of 100,000 Salvationists, when converts testified to their conversion from the awful "Battersea slums." It was the revelations of that day which made Mr. Moxom resolve that whenever he could he would help the Salvation Army. "I don't care," he said, "how they dress, or what kind of instruments they play on, or if they stand on their heads. The Salvation Army makes up for its lack of funds by enthusiasm and nervous strength and personal devotion."—Boston Herald.

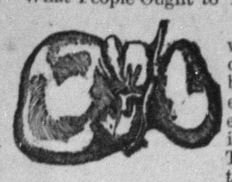
Luncheon for Women.

Women do not take the hurried noonday meal that they did a short time since, barely stopping between shops to eat a roll and a cup of coffee, and finish up with something sweet and indigestible. They do not do this now. A lunch is regarded as a serious meal; for so it is in fact, and it is not to be hurried. Having learned that it is unhealthy to bolt their food, women begin by allowing sufficient time in which to eat, and they choose food that is liable to do them the most good. Sometimes they indulge in a regular course dinner, beginning with soup, and following with meat and vegetables, taking the oldtime coffee and roll as a dessert. Then when they are ready to continue their shopping they are physically braced for the wear and tear upon their systems that shopping incurs.

This is a most sensible and practical idea, and when women are brought to look at things in this light it is a blessing to every one. Nerves are not fostered under such treatment, and for this blessed change we are indebted to the athletic craze. To eat substantial, well cooked food is one of the first principles of nature, and one is better able to stand physical exertion. Rolls and coffee are almost a lunch of the past. Let them remain so, taking care at the same time that the athletic course is not pursued too far, for there is a limit beyond which it is dangerous to go. Overtraining is as bad as none at all.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR LIVER IN SPRING.

What People Ought to Know of it.



THE LIVER

The nerves which control our liver often become weakened, irritated, diseased especially in the Spring. The function of the liver is disturbed, and torpid liver or disordered action results. Hence the bile, which is waste and poisonous material designed to be expelled, is not properly secreted and eliminated from the body. Thus retained, it causes indigestion, dyspepsia, gas bloating, billiousness, constipation, bad taste, malaria, headache, dizziness, dull head, nervousness, and, particularly during Spring, weak, languid and tired feeling. *If not cured this condition leads to fatal liver and kidney diseases.* All persons need a medicine to stimulate and regulate the liver and strengthen their nerve force in the spring.

The Grip also, had a peculiarly weakening affect upon the nerves and liver and thousands who had this disease have never recovered their former health.

The best remedy and most certain cure for liver complaints and weak nerves is Dr. Greene's Nervura, which restores digestion, corrects the disordered liver, regulates the bowels, invigorates the blood and by strengthening and vitalizing the nerves, re-establishes health and strength. It is purely vegetable, harmless, and sold by druggists, $1.

WHERE YOUR LIVER IS.

"I was taken sick with liver disease and ulceration of the bowels; my heart was also affected. I was finally confined to my bed three months. A consultation of physicians was held, and *I was pronounced incurable.* After that I stopped taking their remedies, and began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. Previous to this I could not sleep, my nerves were excitable and spasmodic, my stomach would not bear food, vomiting almost constantly. Soon after beginning Dr. Greene's Nervura I slept better, and my stomach would bear light food. I continued to gain until I could get out. I now work the greater portion of the time, and feel that Dr. Greene's Nervura *saved my life.*

JAMES MEEHAN,
57 Granite st., Quincy, Mass."

Do You Want a Job of Work Done

If so, you should give us a call. We guarantee to satisfy you in style, quality & price.
We do

ENVELOPES,

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS

And all kinds of Commercial work

Sale Bills A Specailty.

No other office in the county can compete with us.

Give Us A Call.

OFFICE in the McClain Building opposite Bush House.

EUREKA!

OUR MOTTO:
Quick Sales and Small Profits.

The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23–25–26–28–35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

No System or Method

CAN COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH THE

COOLEY CREAMERS,

In the exhaustive separation of the cream from the milk.

The only submerged or water sealed method of raising cream. Skimmed milk analyzed by the Vt. Experiment Station showed less than one-twentieth of one per cent. of fat, viz:

No. 1—.04 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 2—.05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 3—.00 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 4—.05 of 1 per cent. of fat.
" 5—.06 of 1 per cent. of fat.

It gets all the butter fat from the milk, and makes Butter that has taken

23 GOLD MEDALS.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.
Manufacturers of everything used in Dairies or Creameries. Send for Circulars.

A Matter of Great Importance To You.

IF SUFFERING FROM LONG STANDING DISEASES, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, SKIN and NERVOUS SYSTEM as well as those suffering from

Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat Troubel

MORITZ SALM, M. D.,
SPECIALIST
Von Grafe Infirmary, Columbia Ohio
WILL BE AT THE
BUSH HOUSE
Bellefonte, - - - Pa.

MONDAYS

February 8th, March 7th, April 4th, May 2nd—30th, June 27th, July 25th, August 22nd, September 19th, October 17th, November, 14, December 12th.

ONE DAY ONLY

M. Salm, M. D. Examination and consultation free to everbody.

They will visit this county every four weeks, thus saving their patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as they are the only physicians and surgeons in the country who carry their own manakins, models, diagrams etc., to illustrate and make it plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their disease. This will give their numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult these distinguished physicians whose duties at the Institute will permit only monthly visits to your community.

Chronic Diseases of the Eye.

Such as Granulated Lids, Chronic Inflamation of the Lids, of the Iris, of the Choroid, of the Retina, Chronic Ulcerations, Spasms of the Lids, Cancers of the Lids and Eye, Tears running over the cheeks, Day and Night Blindness, Purulent or Mattering Sore Eyes, Gonorrheal Ophthalmia Syphilitic Opthalmia, Red Blotches or Brown ones on the ball, Phlycrenular Opthalmia, Opacities or milk white spots on the Eye, Glaucomia or cupping on the nerve, Amaurosis, Falling out of Lashes, Sores, Redness of Edges of Lids and other diseases to which the eyes or its appendages are liable. positive cure guaranteed.

Ear Troubles Cured

in an astonishing quick time. He will relieve you of all roaring, hissing and ringing noises, heaviness, itching, pain, running of the ear, will close up a hole in a drum of fifty years standing; will assert Artificial Ear Drums of his own invention with astonishing gratifying results.

A Word About Catarrh.

It is the mucus membrane, that wonderful semi-fluid envelope surrounding the delicate tissues of the air and food passages that Catarrh makes its stronghold. Once established, it eats into the very vitals and renders life a longdrawn breath of misery and disease, dulling the sense of hearing, trammeling the power of speech, destroying the faculty of smell, tainting the breath and killing the refined pleasures of taste. Insiduously by creeping on from a simple cold in the head, it assaults the membraneous lining and envelopes the bones, eating the delicate coats and causing inflamation, slaughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient and all alleviates are simply procrastinated sufferings leading to a fatal termination. Dr. Salm has by a treatment local and constitutional, made the cure of this dread disease a certainty, and has never failed. Even when the disease had made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered and the disease thoroughly driven out.

Chronic Diseases.

The Doctors treat no acute diseases but make an entire specialty of chronic and long standing diseases. Cases given up by other doctors and pronounced incurable, their most desire to see The doctors have treated 15,000 cases in Ohio in the last fifteen years, many of which have been given up as incurable some to be blind, others deaf, and a large number to be invalids for life. But behold how they see and hear and many are started on the high road to recovery every day.

The Doctor is surrounded with the largest collection of fine instruments ever imported to this country for examining and treating all chronic diseases of the Head, Face, Throat, Eye, Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bladder, Skin, Brain and Nervous System Cancers, Tumors, Piles, Swellings, Old Sores, Fits, Paralysis Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gout, Sick Headache, Debility, Depression of Spirits, Diseases of Children, Hereditary Diseases etc., etc., and in fact all long standing and Chronic Diseases.

Rectal Diseases.

He also makes a specialty of all forms of Rectal Diseases, Piles—internal and external, itching and bleeding, ulcers, fisures, fistula, which are often taken for Cancerous and Lung Diseases, all cured if taken in time. Remember he cures all forms of Piles without pain, interruption or detention from business, and without the use of a knife, Caustic, Ligature or Injection. Come and be convinced.

Diseases of Women, such as have baffled the skill of all other physicians and remedies, quickly cured. Cancers, Tumors, fibroid and polypoid growths cured without the use of the knife or caustics. No cutting, no pain no danger

Manhood perfectly restored. Quick, painless, and certain cure for impotence, lost manhood, spermatorrhea l losses, weak and nervous debility, also for prostatis, vericocele, and all private diseases, whether from imprudent habits of youth or sexual functions speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Absolute cure guaranteed. No risk incurred. Free examination of the Urine—each persons applying for medical treatment should send or bring 2 to 4 ounces of urine, which will receive a careful chemical and microscopic examination. Small Tumors, Cancers, Warts, Moles, etc., removed without acids, knife, pain or scar. New method Electrolysis, Epilepso or fits scientifically treated and positively cured by a never-failing method. Address all communications to Box 760. Columbus, Ohio. Examination and consultation free to everybody.

Our Advertisement will Appear Twice Before Each Visit

PALO ALTO.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS are now used on the stock farm of Gov. Stanford, the home of SUNOL, ARION, PALO ALTO etc. This completes the list of prominent stock owners who have adopted the use of HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.

SHERIFF'S SALE—By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, Friday, April 26th, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

All those two certain lots of ground situate in the town of Petersburg, Union twp, Centre county, Pa., known and designated as follows: Beginning on the south side of Bellefonte and Philipsburg Turnpike at corner of land now owned by Chas McGarvey, being lot No. 13, thence by said lot south 41 degrees west 48 perches to post; thence by land of Samuel Brugger south 49 degrees east 12 perches to a post; thence by lot No. 15 north 41 degrees east 80 perches to the turnpike aforesaid; thence north 49 degrees west 12 perches to the place of beginning, containing 6 acres more or less.

Thereon erected a good two-story dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George F. Lee. No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full. W. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, April 14, 1892.

HANDSOME VS. HOMELY.

Who is that fine-looking lady that we just passed, Clara? Why, that is Mrs. Snow. Well, there, what a change; when I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddy looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion? I heard that she took Sulphur Bitters, the great blood purifier, and now would not be without them.

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THE MAPLE TREES.

Continued from page 3.

tree is tottering! Ah, thank Heaven! You are safe now—with a crash the tree falls headlong to the gruond.

It seemed hours to Margaret before they reached her father's dwelling, but the ride finally ended, and Michael, leaving his precious load, hastened home again. Poor Margaret, overcome by fear and excitement, fell fainting into her father's arms as he met her on the stairs. Then the fever, the days of delirium, the slow recovery.

It was eleven o'clock before John Blanchard returned to his home. He went directly to his wife's room, but she was not there. Upstairs and down he went, but no one could be found. What did it all mean? He rang for the servant, and when she appeared he asked her, excitedly: "Where is my wife?" "I don't know, sir, Michael drove out with her near three hours ago," she repl ied.

"Send Michael to me."

When the old coachman came, the distracted husband repeated his question: "Where is my wife?"

"At Gen. Gregg's sir." Blanchard was losing his self-control "Why did you take her out on a night like this, you idiot?"

"She told me to, sir."

"What of it? What else did she tell you?"

"That I must get back before you, sir."

John started as if struck. "She told you that? Well, you may go now.?

A note was lying on the table. Was it from her? He took it up and read:

"My dear Mrs. Blanchard: Forgive me, but I must warn you. Ask your husband why he stays at his office every night. He will not tell you. So you must watch and find out for yourself. A FRIEND."

With a groan he sank into his chair. It was all clear now. His wife thought him faithless and had left him. Well, let it be so. He would not follow her. All night he sat there in this stupor, and when morning came he looked as if twenty years had been added to his life. His former jollity had gone, and in its place had come a wretched morbidness. Looking out on the lawn, he saw the tree which had been blown over by the wind. A bitter laugh escaped his lips. "Strange!" he said, "but it will make me remember." So he caused a fence to be built around the two trees, one standing, the other fallen. "And thus they are to remain," he said, "as long as—but perhaps she will always stay away,"

A month passed, and still his wife did not return. The suspense was becoming unbearable, and John could not give attention to his business. What could he do? He might travel. Yes, that was just the thing! He would go abroad and take Dorothy with him; and in a week all save the gardener and the housekeeper had left Bellefonte.

The fever that had prostrated Margaret raged for many long, long weeks. Many times was she near to death's door, but the end was not to be yet, and she recovered, only to find that her husband and child had left her. Oh, how she regretted the outcome of that fatal night! But it was to late now too retrace her steps. No. She would not humiliate herself; and the next year, even after the travelers had returned, still found her and her ward occupants of her father's house.

Fifteen years passed away, and still there was no change in the relations to each other of John and Margaret Blanchard in fact they never had seen each other since that last parting; but the old love through dormant, was not dead.

It was Palm Sunday when John Blanchard and Dorothy, the latter now a beautiful miss of eighteen years, were sitting together in the parlor of the old mansion.

Blanch ard himself was enjoyed with a volume of Edgar Poe's works, while Dorothy was looking through a pile of photographs. Suddenly she stooped, took out one, and quietly, tenderly pressed it to her lips. An obstinate tear would persist in trickling down her cheek. She raised her hand, and dashed it away but moist eyelids betrayed her, and her father asked: "Why, little one, what can be the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much, papa," she replied.

"But I must know," he persisted. "I do not like to see my little girl with tears in her eyes."

"I was looking at mamma's picture and wishing—"

"Wishing what? he interrupted, his lip quivering.

"That the good Lord would send her back to us." And Dorothy burst into a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, Dot. Don't cry like that. We must be brave, dear, and perhaps it will come out all right. Come, put on your hat and we will go for a walk. "No, papa, let us go to St, John's Episcopal church, instead." "All right," he said, "if you prefer it."

Arriving at the church they were ushered to a pew, the sole occupant of which was a lady, closely veiled and dressed in black. Dorothy imagined that she saw her start when they entered, but John did not notice it, though his seat was beside that of the strange woman. They arose to read the psalm and she passed the book to John. The last verse particularly impressed him: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant; for I do not forget Thy commandments."

Then they resumed their seats and John ran his fingers carelessly through the leaves of the book. Suddenly he started and grew pale. The book fell from his trembling hand. He glanced quickly at the women who had passed it to him, but her hand was raised in the peaceful attitude of prayer. Dorothy picked up the fallen book, and she, too, started as she saw on the title page the name "Margaret Gregg Blanchard, from her husband. Easter, 18—"

John was agitated with the desire to know whether or not this woman by his side knew anything about his wife. He went through the service in a mechanical sort of a way. The woman in black had not thus far allowed her voice to be heard. Finally they all knelt for prayer, and with a wildly beating heart, Blanchard heard the trembling voice as it said: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us."

Oh! the anguish, the longing of his heart. He could not control himself; and, still kneeling, he learned toward her, and, with a stifled sob, whispered: "Margaret—for—give."

She could not speak; but taking her hand from the top of the railing in front of her, she laid it in that of her husband. This was her only answer; but John knew its meaning and he pressed it passionately, tenderly.

The service being finished, they left the church together. At the door Margaret was met by a tall, fine looking young man. "What! No. Why, yes it is!" he exclaimed to himself, as he saw them coming "If it isn't Dot Blanchard and her father—and with mamma too! what can it all mean! John shook his hand silently, heartily, as they met. This was no place for explanations, so they hastened to leave the throng.

There was room for but two in Margaret's carriage, so Will Gregg (for the young man was none other than he), gracefully resigned in Blanchard's favor. As for Dorothy and himself, they much preferred to walk; and so, when the carriage had passed out of sight, they turned their steps toward the Blanchard mansion.

Mutual explanations and mutual forgiveness were the happy results of the homeward ride of Margaret and her husband. It was all arranged before they parted that she should assume her former position as mistress at her husband's home.

But she had so many bussiness affairs to arrange, and so much to do before closing up the house, that Saturday night arrived before Margaret, with her father and Will Gregg came to live again at her former home; though it may be said, by the way, that since the previous Sunday Will had spent the most of his time there. His many years of separation from Dorothy had made him realize that he was far, very far from being her brother, and now that they were brought together again he found that his affection for her had taken a new and deeper turn.

The next day was Easter Sunday. Dinner having been finished Blanchard and his wife strolled out together. and their steps led toward the front of the house. Margaret stopped abruptly as her eyes fell upon the fallen trees. At first it puzzled her, but suddenly she remembered and a pained expression crossed her face. "Have it taken away, John," was all she said.

He caught her to his arms. "Yes, dear." he said, "we will bury the past. To-day shall be my Easter. We will look to the future and both rejoice in our resurrection of love."

If just at this moment we could have looked inside the house, we might have seen Dorothy and Will in a similar attitude. Theirs was a new-born, not a resurrected love; but their happiness was none the greater.

* * * * * * *

As the years roll on and the holy day returns, it brings joy and praise into many hearts. But to none is it a day of greater gladness and thanksgiving than to the four who always bless the aniversary of John Blanchard's Easter.

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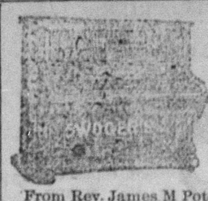

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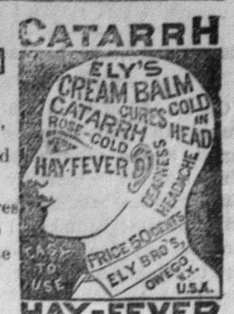

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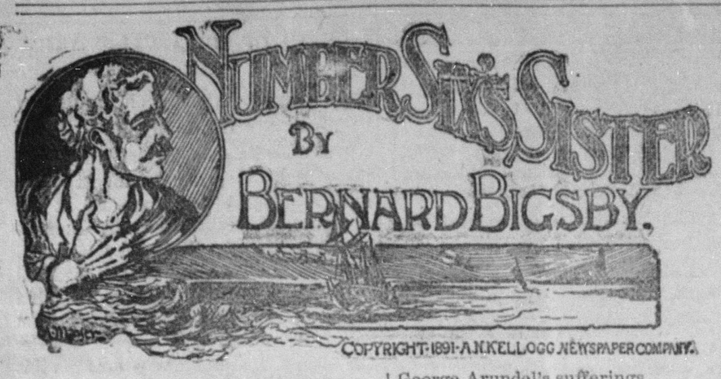

"An' wheer did yer make his acquaintance?" Dolman asked, pausing in his whittling with awakened interest.

"Right wheer you're standin', Jim. He comed here as soon as he reached the village—an' a more cantankerous old dog I never clapp'd eyes on. Why the way he went for 'Phonse, an' you, an' the schoolmarm for deluderin' his boy was a caution. So it was the blind man he was after, was it? I kind o' suspicioned it, though I didn't care to ask him questions, he was so all-fired hot an' angry. Well, I'd look out if I

THE CENTER OF A GROUP OF ADMIRING FRIENDS.

was you, Jim Dolman, for I heer'd him say again an' again after they'd carried the poor chap into your house, that he would be even with you all."

"Even with me!" Dolman grinned. "Guess he's orf his base a-talkin' sich nonsense."

Then Auguste Fontaine, the blacksmith, slowly gathered himself together for the effort, and spoke, for the man was ponderous as one of his own great hammers, and words seldom came from his lips save an oath to some refractory horse or a roar of anger at his wife if a meal was late. Therefore, when he did give utterance to a thought his remarks commanded attention.

"An' I seen him talkin' to that tramp feller as slept in your barn last night."

"Eh, what!" Dolman ejaculated. "A tramp in my barn!"

"Yes, I thought you knowed it. An' from what I could learn as I passed by, he was offerin' a man a hundred dollars if he'd go afore a justice o' peace at Glastonbury an' swear to a conversation he'd heer'd atween you an 'Phonse Damiens in your stable last night."

Mr. Dolman's face was a picture of discomposure.

"An' what did the feller say? Did he take the offer?" he asked, wiping the big beads of perspiration from his brow.

"That I couldn't quite tell you, Jim," was the unconsoling reply, "but the chap went to Glastonbury in Bladon's return rig. Like ez not he's a layin' for yer, Dolman; guess ef I was you I'd make tracks for Canady ez 'Phonse hez done."

"Then all I kin say," Dolman declared, "is thet it is a base conspiracy to take away the character of a honest man. What! Is the word of a tramp ter be took agen a church member of nine years' standin'? Ef thet worthless cuss es slep' in my barn ses I didn' du my level best ter persuade 'Phonse not ter hurt the blind man, he lies. Why, when I seen 'Phonse so set agen him, an' heern him mutterin' to hissen es we harnessed the hosses what he would du ter the feller when he got him out on the ice, I argyed with him all I could The idee of sayin' I encouraged him! 'Phonse,' ses I, 'don't yer go for ter du it, or yer'll be foun' out, an'—"

Dolman stopped, as though instantaneously bereft of speech; for there, not a dozen feet from him, stood Damiens, with such a malignant scowl on his face that the old man's blood ran cold. All were amazed at the apparition, for it is a little startling to see standing before you the man you believe to be in a foreign country fleeing from justice.

Though his face was pale as death and a wild light lurked in those magnificent dark eyes, he was the most self-possessed man in the store.

"Don't let me interrupt the conversation, Jim. What were you saying, which interested our friends so much?"

"Fer the Lord's sake, 'Phonse, don't look at me like thet!" Dolman cringed with ashen lips; "ther's a suthin' in yer eyes which—"

"Nonsense! Why, Jim, what is the matter with you?"

"Keep off! Don't let him come near me. He's crazy mad, I tell yer!" Dolman cried, retreating behind the grocer's burly figure.

At this moment a woman hurriedly passed the door. It was Wanda Arlington hastening to the telegraph office with a message for Mrs. Evesham, imploring her to come at once to her assistance, for the physician had said that with good nursing George Arundel's life might be spared, and she had not much faith in the "gyruls" as ministering angels for a sick man's bedside.

The madman saw her, and his eyes gleamed with uncontrolled passion.

"She is there—my darling, my life. Away! Let me go or I will brain you!" and, with a bound, which shook off the grasp of half a dozen men, he dashed into the street after the girl, who, all unconscious of approaching danger, was walking along wrapped in thoughts of George Arundel's sufferings.

CHAPTER XIII.
AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

Not a man who saw the stalwart Frenchman dash from their presence but knew that the light of madness was gleaming in his eye. With the strength of a maniac he had hurled them on one side like so many children, with the speed of a wild animal he was bounding on his prey—a timid, helpless girl, who had nothing but her weakness to oppose to the blind fury of his passion.

And she was so enwrapped in bitter thoughts that she did not even hear the hurrying footsteps, but was going along with low bent head, wondering whether the miseries which surrounded her would ever end. She had heard the story of Damiens' flight, and, though she was loth to believe such brutal vindictiveness in even him, had more than half suspected the Frenchman's treachery.

Suddenly a hand was rudely laid upon her shoulder.

Before she could spring from his grasp his arms were flung around her and his hot kisses fell fast and furious upon her lips and face.

"Wanda! my own! my darling!" the madman cried in ecstacy, his eyes flashing with the gleam of a tiger's. "I have you in my arms at last. Ha! Ha! That poor, silly, blind fellow thought that he was going to rob me of you; to steal your kisses from my lips; but he is lying yonder in the snow. Aye, the brave bashaws did their work nobly. I went out just to take one peep at him as he lay there so cold and still, and then—then I was frightened and fled, Wanda. But I've come back now. Come to take you with me that we may flee together and never see that cold, white face again."

I would not like my reader to imagine that Wanda Arlington, for all her softness and delicacy, was afflicted with "nerves," and so must beg him to remember that the poor girl had endured great prostration and was at the very moment of the assault in a state of trouble bordering very nearly on the hysterical. Therefore it is not remarkable that she just closed those heaven blue eyes of hers and fell back without a sigh into her captor's arms, blissfully unconscious of everything.

He dragged her along with rude haste, hurling threats on the crowd now gathering round him, and occasionally kissing the white cheek, for there was not a man who dared fling himself upon him. Not that the riversiders were cowards, or dismayed at the Herculean strength of the young Frenchman, but they looked with a religious terror on insanity, and there was not a lad among them who did not know that Alphonse Damiens was mad as a March hare.

But presently the ranks divide and the square-set form of old Bladon is seen in the front. He is spent with running, and breathless. So he stays a minute that his panting lungs may breathe more freely; then, with a bound, he is on his foe.

Damiens glared upon the old man in savage wonder, threw the senseless body of the girl upon the snow, and with a wild, hoarse cry of fury, sprang upon his brave assailant.

It was an unequal contest. Youth and age, and the thrill of madness lending inhuman vigor to the limbs of the stronger.

With arms entwined around each other, as they swayed to and fro, it did not seem difficult to say who would fall first, for the Frenchman was head and shoulder taller than his aged antagonist, and his superb limbs yielded not an inch to Bladon's vain efforts to throw him

HURLING THREATS ON THE CROWD, NOW GATHERING 'ROUND HIM.

backwards, while the old man's heavy breathing told the tale of his distress. Often to this day do the riverside men tell the story of that wonderful struggle.

It seemed as though there was no hope for the brave old fellow—indeed, not one of the many who, paralyzed with fear, looked on in shuddering wonder could for the life of them tell exactly how it happened, but suddenly, when Bladon seemed tottering to the earth, when Damiens' massive form towered above him in shrieking triumph, the old man's hands slipped from his opponent's waist to his knees, and, with one supreme effort, he lifted the burly Frenchman from the earth and flung him stunned and beaten from him.

Before the madman could move a dozen hands had bound him.

"A trick of the old 'rustling days in Derbyshire, when the lads used to meet on the hillside," Bladon said, when eager friends crowded round to give him congratulation.

This feat of Bladon's served him well while he sojourned in Havana, for the riversiders were as ardent worshipers of courage and strength as the Romans in the height of their glory.

But the old man did not linger to enjoy his triumph. He turned to Wanda Arlington, who having recovered from her swoon, was standing gazing in dazed wonder at the scene.

"Coom, lass," he said, kindly. "Thee'dst better be winning home wi' me."

Trembling and obedient, the young girl accompanied him. For a time neither spoke, then her pent-up emotions found vent.

"Oh, Mr. Bladon," she said, "how can I ever find words to thank you for the noble service you have done me this day?"

Bladon looked wistfully at the sweet face.

"Would thee mind an old man asking a question? 'Tain't right, I know, to put a young girl to the blush, but—"

"Ask me what you will, and I will answer you without reserve."

There was no doubting the truth that shone from those velvet eyes.

"Which, then, of those two lads was thy sweetheart?"

"So help me Heaven, neither!"

"What!"

"The one, I hated, scorned, loathed the very presence of; the other I loved, but not with a love which you mean—"

"Which one, my pretty?"

There was a depth of tenderness in the old man's voice.

"Why, poor George Arundel, of course," she said with all simplicity.

"And now, lass, speak fearlessly, as between an old man an' young maidlen, be there anyone thee dost love in the way I mean?"

Though the crimson blush dyed her cheek, she never faltered.

"Yes, Mr. Bladon, there is one I love in the way you mean."

"Thank God!" was all the old man said, but the light in his face showed the relief he felt.

Just as they reached Dolman's door, he held out his horny hand to the girl and said with some emotion:

"I didna like thee, lass. I couldna bear the sight o' thee; but all that has passed now; an' you'll try to forget the wrong I've done thee?"

"I shall remember nothing but the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"You see," Bladon went on in contrite apology, "it was thy name that first set me against thee."

"What, 'Wanda?'"

"Aye, lass. There was a Wanda once as wrought a bitter wrong to my lad's father—a cruel, hard woman, as wrecked a noble life."

"You mean George Arundel's mother?"

"I do, lass. An' strange to say, you are her very image. Only there's a softness about thy pretty face there never was on her'n."

"Was she—"

"Nay, nay," Bladon interrupted, hurriedly, "thee mustna ask questions. George's mother be nothing to thee, lass, an' never will be. Never tell the young master I even mentioned her name to thee. Forget I ever let my old tongue wag as I've done to-day; for least said is soonest mended, an' I would'na regret the bit of confidence I've put in thee."

"And you never shall," she said sweetly as they passed into the house. But, from that time forth, William Bladon had always a kindly smile and a gracious word for the pretty teacher.

CHAPTER XIV.
HARRY COMES HOME.

Alphonse Damiens' strength was laid low now. Popular opinion was stronger than the bonds he held over Squire Robison, and that worthy, seeing no way to wriggle out of his dilemma reluctantly signed his commitment to the State lunatic asylum, while even James Dolman kept discretely in the back-ground and offered no remonstrance.

It was not long before Mrs. Evesham was established in the Dolman houshold, a tender nurse to the sick man, who contrary to expectations, gave rapid signs of amendment.

And herewith, Mr. Dolman's line of conduct was truly remarkable. He seemed to have utterly turned his back on the interests of his quondam patron, loading him with abuse and even refusing to recognize his insanity as an excuse for his misconduct. Then, too, he crawled in obsequious humility before the blind man's friends, especially the stout old servitor, who regarded him much as a mastiff might have looked upon a wandering cur. The "gyruls" grumbled at the additional work in the household, but when Martha ventured an objection, his answer was terse and eloquent:

"You're more'n twenty-one years of age," he snarled, "an' can earn yer own livin' ef yer want to; but while yer bide in my house you'll du my biddin', an' my orders is thet Mrs. Evesham shell du es her durn please, an' likewise Mr. Bladon, whom the Lord love an' prosper."

Thus a week passed. Each day the physician had a more hopeful report of his patient. It was beyond all doubt that George Arundel would weather the storm, and the silver lining seemed at last coming to the cloud.

Cheered with these glad tidings, Wanda's spirits revived; but there was another reason why the rose should come back to her cheek again and the elasticity to her footstep.

"Wanda, dear," Mrs. Evesham said to her one morning, as she was preparing for school. "Have you forgotten that Harry is coming to-day?"

Forgotten! Had she for one single moment since the first shock of George Arundel's calamity had been assuaged thought of anything else?

"And I was thinking," the elder lady continued, "that he might walk up to the schoolhouse and fetch you home."

"It would be very nice," was all she could say.

"Why, child," Mrs. Evesham declared, "you don't appear to be very enthusiastic about it! It's a long time since you saw Harry, and I should have thought you would have been delighted at the suggestion."

Then the foolish little thing must needs burst out crying and vow with unnecessary ardor that she was dying to see the dear lad again, whereupon Mrs. Evesham's eyes were opened and there was a grave, anxious look in them as she kissed the girl's sweet face and bade her hurry through with the afternoon's exercises.

Poor little trembling thing! How miserably she played the schoolma'am during the long hours which intervened between her and happiness. I am afraid if Squire Robison could have seen the way she allowed the children to "carry on" he would have been disabused of the idea that Havana enjoyed the smartest teacher in the county.

Once in that very schoolroom she had with nervous expectancy awaited the coming of George Arundel, and now her being was thrilled with anticipations of a very different character.

She had sent the restless children away an hour before the time for closing school. She had waited and panted, and flushed, and paled, and—at last he came.

At last they stood face to face, both her hands in his, the hot blood mantling her cheeks and the telltale, downcast eyes scarce daring to raise their lids.

"Harry!"

"Wanda!"

Yet not one word of the burning love each bore for the other. Harry Evesham too proud to claim the girl's affection till his prospects were more assured—she, trembling lest she should betray her fondness, for she felt that it was almost criminal to even love the son of her benefactress in secret. Thus, these too, after a long parting met once more, neither knowing what the other suffered, and each for the other resolved for the sacrifice.

They strolled down the sandy lane arm in arm—sandy, I say, for though the snow lay like a white sheet on al

THEY STROLLED DOWN THE SANDY LANE ARM IN ARM.

the rest of the surface of the country, there was always a bare spot near the school house; and, for that very reason the children hurried away to more favored localities, and the road was deserted.

I do not know that the weather was particularly charming that afternoon—in fact I believe a disagreeable east wind was blowing—but to this infatuated young couple it seemed as if they were drinking into their lungs the balmy breath of the Hesperides.

"This is the last stroll we shall have together for many a day, Wanda—I am going abroad."

"Abroad!" Wanda says, with a foolish trembling.

"Yes, and for your sake."

"For mine—impossible."

"It is strange, is it not? But none the less true. You see Mr. Hardcastle and I have been on more familiar terms than men in our relative positions usually are, and in the course of our talks I have told him your history."

"Oh, Harry."

"Yes, dear, and he—like the big-hearted, glorious fellow he is—has set his mind on unraveling the mystery which surrounds your birth."

"Mr. Hardcastle has done this?"

"Oh, you must not be surprised. I think he saw how interested I was about everything that concerned you, and—"

"Go, on, Harry."

"And, well, perhaps partly for my sake, he has determined to ferret out everything; and, with this view, is sending me to England to play detective."

"How good, how kind." Tears were in her voice.

"Is he not? So, my dear, you see we must not waste the moments. I have really come down here to gather all possible details of your early life. Try hard, Wanda, and think of anything that might be useful to me."

"I know what you mean—you want me to remember scenes and circumstances prior to my arrival in New York."

"Exactly."

"And that I cannot do, for oh, how often have I racked my brain to conjure up the past. You see, I was such a little thing."

"Still," Harry urged, "you were old enough to have impressions, and I have read in books that the incidents of childhood, though for years forgotten, will suddenly flash on the memory if some associating circumstance presents itself."

"Ah, that is strange, Harry, and induces me to tell you of an occurrence which happened the other day."

"Say on, and remember that in a case like this nothing is too insignificant."

"Well, then, poor Mr. Arundel was at his worst, and that executive servant of his, old Bladon, was standing at the top of the stairs watching the doctor descend, for he had just left the sick man's chamber, and he shook his fist at the retreating figure of the medical man and muttered: 'Nowt but book learnin', and precious little o' that, I should say. Oh, for twenty-four hours of Nurse Marty and her herbs!' Nurse Marty! The words sounded so familiar that I knew they struck a chord in my memory, and I sat in my chamber and thought. Suddenly it seemed to me as though I saw a vision of a woman's face—a sweet, sad face, which smiled on me—the face of an elderly woman, Harry, who yet did not look old, for all her snow-white hair and furrowed forehead. But the most extraordinary thing about her appearance was a patch of black silk she wore over her left eye. It was very absurd of me to conjure up such an apparition, but—"

"No, no, I am convinced it was a reminiscence," Harry interposed. "But had you no other day-dreams?"

"Yes, my imagination pictured an old stone house covered with ivy and a great porch in front of it, reaching almost to its roof. What was so odd about it, was that there was a flight of steps, which led to the porch, whose floor was on a level with that of the second story of the house."

"Strange, indeed; but they built many such houses in England in Queen Elizabeth's days."

In England? Ah, Harry, then you do attach importance to my vision?"

"Of course I do. Now try if you cannot think of something more to tell me."

"No, I have told you all, Harry," Wanda said, with a dreamy wonder in her eyes.

How swiftly the hours passed! It seemed impossible to her, as she stood that night in the moonlight with both her hands in Harry's wishing him good-by. She had him for just that minute all to herself, for Mrs. Evesham had bade her boy adieu in her own chamber and had retired to her place beside George Arundel's couch and of course the Dolmans were all in bed. True, old Bladon might be prowling about, but there were no signs of his immediate presence.

Good-by! Words at all times so bad and bitter; but to-night how much they mean to her—the death-knell of her day's happiness.

He stoops and looks down on the face so beautiful with the moonlight playing on it.

Sorely he is tempted to speak but stern duty interposes. What right has he to ask so radiant a being to bind her life to his? But who could resist the tender pleading of the blue eyes which look into his one moment and then are downcast.

"Wanda!"

How strange his voice sounds to her; yet in his passion-laden tone there is still the sweet euphony he always gives her name.

"Good-by, Harry!" With quivering lips she speaks and can scarce repress the sobs which almost choke her.

With a low cry he draws her to him and holds her in his embrace.

"Wanda, I love you!"

All trembling she hears the word and buries her face on his shoulder.

"Speak, Wanda! Only once—say you love me."

Slowly, reluctantly, she raises her face: it is pale no longer but crimson with maiden bashfulness.

"Yes, I love you, Harry," she murmurs almost inaudibly, with a faint, long-drawn sigh.

"I never believed such happiness could be mine," he vows with ecstacy.

"Then, do so now, dear," she whispers, as with closed eyes she kisses his face.

An hour! Is it an hour, or a minute, or a year?—this dream too sweet for words to picture.

Then the mother must be told. The gentle, loving mother, who has borne so much for them both. Pshaw, Wanda, you need not tremble so, you need not shrink with a great fear of the supposed wrong you have done. That generous heart has long been beating with the hope that the day might come when she could truly call you daughter.

So Harry Evesham starts on his way exultant, while poor blind George Arundel lies on his bed of pain with no bright hopes before him; verily, "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath."

Then Wanda shyly and with great effort tells the glorious news to William Bladon, who oddly enough is now inclined to be cross with her because she has not preferred his boy as the idol of her affections. So it happened that one day, when George Arundel had gained so much strength that he was permitted

MRS. EVESHAM HAD RETIRED TO HER PLACE BESIDE GEORGE ARUNDEL'S COUCH.

to sit up awhile, the old servitor resolved to tell the story of Wanda's love to him. It cut him to the heart to wound the young man's feelings, but he knew the task must not be shirked.

"Now, Master George," he began, in an agony of apprehension, "you mustn't take on, but I've a bit o' news for thee, lad, as wunnot perchance be welcome."

[To be Continued]

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The Science of Life, or Self Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—Medical Review. (Copyrighted.)
23 19 4t

LEWIS the ROBBER.
No doubt many of the early settlers of Bellefonte recollected the stories of Lewis, the Robber. He died after making a confession in your jail in 1820. "Life and Adventures of Lewis, the Robber and Counterfeiter," a pamphlet 5½x9 inches, 84 pages, paper cover, 25 cents, cloth 40 cents. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. 355 AGENTS WANTED. Liberal inducements to agents. Write for terms, mentioning this paper. C. D. RISHEL, Shiremanstown, Cumberland Co., Pa. j28 1m

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. j30-1y

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—There will be a sociable at the Y. M. C. A. rooms this evening. A pleasant time may be expected.

—Rev. George Elliott, of Bellefonte, preached at the Presbyterian church at Unionville last Sunday evening.

—At the Reformed Church last Sunday Miss Lula Harper and Christ Smith sang a solo which enchanted the audience.

—George Marshall, at the Eureka Grocery, is getting many new customers. George is a pleasant fellow whom everybody seems to like.

—The Dickerson College Base ball club of Carlisle will play a game at State College on April 28. This will be the opening game of the season.

—The ball given by the Undine Hose company on Monday evening was a grand success in every particular. About eighty-five dollars were realized by the company.

—On Tuesday of last week Sheriff Ishler purchased a fine roan horse from Harvey Homan, of Centre Hall, paying one hundred dollars for it. It is an extra fine animal.

—Mrs. W. P. Wilson is about to adorn her beautiful residence on High street by the addition of a porch in front and extending around the west side of the building.

—They are receiving new goods at the Eureka Grocery, on High street, Bellefonte, every day. Call and see their nice stock. Everything new and first quality and sold at the lowest price.

—The Eureka Grocery store, High street, Bellefonte, is improving every day. They have a fine line of goods and buyers cannot do better than to call and inspect their goods. They sell first class goods and at most reasonable prices.

—R. A. Beck, the popular barber whose place of business is under the 1st National bank of this place, remembered the easter day by presenting each one of his customers with a beautiful colored Easter egg. "It is a cold day when Beck gets left."

—Mr. James Harris contemplates building a stone fence in front of his beautiful home on Spring street in this burg. He will build with stone about two feet high; on that he will have placed a neat iron fence. It will be a fine improvement to his property.

—Don't forget to go to the opera house to-morrow evening and enjoy the concert given by the famous Mark's Military Band, of Renovo. This is a great musical organization and this season they have with them some very fine instrumental and vocal soloists.

—On Saturday evening of last week, the Beta Theta Pi-Society, of New York City, held a banquet in honor of John W. Noble, Secretary of the interior. The banquet took place at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and was presided over by Gen. James A. Beaver.

—James Schofield, of this place, was in Pennsvalley last week trying to make the democrats believe he is just the right man to represent this county at Harrisburg next time, if they will only nominate him and the people will endorse that action at the polls. Well for a rabbid, free trade democrat Jim is not a bad fellow.

—A gentleman who attended the late democratic convention at Harrisburg said on his return home that the only sober man he saw there was John Noll, of Bellefonte. If this is true we say good for John: but we hardly think it possible. Not that John was sober, oh no! but that there were not at least one other to keep John company.

—The services at the Lutheran church were very interesting last Sunday evening, especially to the young people. The evening service was a Sunday school concert. The young people spoke pieces and sang hymns. At the altar was a large nest of easter eggs which at the conclusion of the service were distributed among the audience, every one young and old getting an egg as a memento of the interesting service.

—We are sorry to learn of the illness of Alonzo S. Bruce, Esq. post master at Mont Vernon, N. H. He has been confined to the house for some weeks. His daughter, Miss Alice, is assisting as postmistress during her father's illness. Mont Vernon is a beautiful town among the hills of Hillsborough Co., New Hampshire. Has about 600 inhabitants in winter and about two thousand in summer. The REPUBLICAN has several subscribers in this beautiful new England town.

—The students of the Bellefonte Academy will give an entertainment in the Bellefonte opera House on Thursday evening, April 28th. The program will consist of music, recitations, calisthenic exercises and two funny plays. The proceeds will be devoted to repairs on the Academy buildings' price of admission 25 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents. This is a worthy object and the entertainment will be first class and worthy of patronage on its merits There should be a full house, we hope there may be

ALL OVER THE COUNTY.

Items of Interest, Personal and Pertinent, From Here, There and Everywhere.

Mrs. Rumberger and family, Joseph Gates and family, D. C. Krebs and O. R. Krebs are new residents of Pine Grove Mills.

***

D. C. and O. R. Krebs will conduct the dry goods store lately owned by J. D. Bloom & Co., at Pine Grove Mills. They understand their business and are sure to succeed.

***

A. J. St. Clair, the very efficient post master of Fleming postoffice (Unionville), called to see us last week. He is a pleasant gentleman and we hope he will call again. In fact we do not want him to come to town without calling on us.

***

J. H. Ross, a prominent merchant of Linden Hall, is away to eastern cities, to lay in a stock of spring goods.

***

Mr. Daniel Wyland, of Linden Hall, has been on the sick list for several weeks, but is now about again.

***

Frank Dutweiler, of Aaronsburg, sold his bay horse, bought a pair of black ones, sold them and bought a pair of grays. If he keeps on he soon will be, if he is not now, a first class horse jocky.

***

Mr. W. H. Bloom, of Penn Hall, has removed to Pine Grove Mills.

***

Reuben Spangler departed from Centre Hall last week to take up his residence at Hastings, Pa., where he has accepted a position in a hardware store. His wife will follow him in a few weeks.

***

It is said that Jacob Dutweiler, of Tusseyville, has a calf that when born weighed one hundred and sixteen pounds.

***

"A broth of a boy" is young Carner, of Hublersburg. He is seventeen years old and measures in height six feet and four inches and is still growing.

***

Smith's tannery, at Potters Mills, was slightly damaged by fire on Wednesday of last week. Prompt work with buckets saved the building.

***

Editor Kurtz, of the *Reporter*, boasts that there is only one empty house in Centre Hall and that will soon be occupied.

***

Jesse Wirt, of Aaronsburg, sold twelve acres of land from his farm to Jacob W. Moyer for $75 per acre.

***

Z. D. Thomas, of Aaronsburg, bought a house and lot in that town belonging to S. Q. Mingle, of Williamsport, for three hundred dollars.

***

Marzie, a little daughter of Ed. Mingle, of Aaronsburg, had her arm broken a short time ago in trying to put on a coat—a very strange accident.

***

Frank Weiser, of Aaronsburg, has moved to Altoona where he has secured a job of work in the Pennsylvania railroad shops.

***

John Markle has removed from Pleasant Gap to Pine Grove Mills. He is one of our latest *Fountain* subscribers and no doubt a good nationalist.

***

Ex-Commissioner M. S. Feidler has moved from Fiedler to Millheim.

***

Frank Boak, of Lauvertown, is clerking at the store of J. W. Keller at Linden Hall.

***

Mr. Samuel Gingerich has moved from Linden Hall to Black Hawk.

***

Mr. Issac Strunk is a new settler in Centre Hall, having moved there since the first of April.

***

Mrs Vance McCormick with her children has been visiting her father, A. J. Reesman, at Centre Hall, for several weeks past. She returned to her home at Montandon last week.

***

Frank Floray, son of Samuel Floray, near Tusseyville, intends to take a complete course at the Lock Haven Normal School.

***

George C. Baker, who for years was a resident of Howard, this county, but now living in Chicago, has invented a submarine boat to be propelled by steam when on top of water and by electricity when under the water. It is said that the boat has a speed of ten miles an hour under water; that it can be sunk and raised again at the will of the operator. It is one of the best boats of the kind ever made, as under the water it always retains an upright position. While at Howard Mr. Baker purchased the iron works from Mr. Lauth and afterwards sold them to Jenkins & Lingle, of this place.

***

Miss Sue Long, who has been the very efficient clerk at the Spring Mills postoffice, has resigned her position. Who persuaded her to do it?

***

Miss Sadie Breon, of Spring Mills, who has been spending the winter at Aaronsburg, has returned to her home.

***

J. B. Heberling, undertaker at Pine Grove Mills, is well schooled in all the secrets of successfully embalming the dead, having taken a course at the Boston embalming school. Careful and experienced persons are always wanted by the friends of the dead, and such a man is undertaker Heberling, of Pine Grove.

***

Mrs. J. G. Hess, of Pine Grove Mills, has been quite seriously ill for some time, but under the care and skillful treatment of Dr. G. H. Woods, of that place, she is recovering her health and strength.

***

Musser Heberling, an enterprising young man of Pine Grove Mills, proposes to fit himself for the active duties of a business life by taking a course at Potts' Commercial College, at Williamsport. He left home for school last week.

***

Mrs. J. F. Krebs and family are new residents of Pine Grove Mills.

***

Mr. A. L. Holter and wife, of Howard, are enjoying a visit from their daughter, son-in-law and grandchild, Mr. and Mrs. Reese, of Snow Shoe.

***

Mrs. Edith Engel, a daughter of D. W. Schenck, of Howard, has moved to Bellwood, Blair county, to join her husband whose business keeps him there.

Deaths of Centre County people.

SHOWERS—At Shiloh Saturday morning, April 16, at 1.30 o'clock, Mrs. Sarah Showers, aged 93 years. Mrs. Showers was mother of J. C. Showers, of Bellefonte. Her death was not due to any particular disease, as she was 93 years old. She just went to sleep, the machinery of the body was worn out and stopped. She leaves four sons and and one daughter. The funeral took place on Sunday, April 17, at 3 o'clock. A large number of friends and relatives followed the remains to their final resting place.

HAINES—At Vinton, Benton county, Iowa, of pneumonia, George W. Haines, aged 32 years. Mr. Haines was born in Aaronsburg, this county, and taught school there many years. He was considered one of the finest pensmen in the county. He also took a lively interest in the prosperity of the schools of Penns Valley in an early day.

SHENEBERGER—At Warrel, Ill., on Wednesday morning, March 30th, 1892, Mrs. Rebecca Smith Sheneberger, aged 75 years. She was born in Centre county on Febuary 24,. 1817. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Keller. Her husband, George Sheneberger, died at Boalsburg, this county, 21 years ago.

HENNEY—At her home at Potters Mills, Saturday, April 9th, Mrs. Henney, wife of David Henney. She left a husband and six sons to mourn their loss. Interment was made in the cemetery at Tusseyville the Tuesday following her death. Rev Eisenburg, of the Reformed church, performing the burial service.

NOLAN—At her residence on Howard street, Bellefonte, Saturday, April 16th, Mrs. Eliza Nolan, wife of James Nolan, of consumption, aged 33 years and 7 months. Funeral Sunday, the 17th, interment was at Curtins. Mrs. Nolan's maiden name was Eliza Krise.

WILLIAMS—In Worth township, Monday April 4, 1892, of pnuemonia, Bardons Ormsly Williams, aged 3 years, 8 months, and 10 days. He was the son of John P. and Ellen Williams. Interment was made in the Williams cemetery.

MUSSER—At Aaronsburg Saturday, April 9th, 1892, Elmer Musser, son of Emanuel Musser, aged 21 years. He had been in the west for the past two years and had just returned home, took sick and died in two weeks.

GRAFF—At Milroy, April 5, 1892, A. W. Gaff, aged 76 years. Mr. Graff was a prominent Odd Fellow and many years ago was a merchant at Aaronsburg, this county.

DUCK—Near Farmer's Mills, an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Duck, aged seven months. Interment was made at Farmer's Mills cemetery Saturday April 9th.

KRUMBINE—At Centre Hall Sunday, April 10, Ezra Krumbine, aged 56 years. He leaves four sons and two daughters. His wife and one son died several years ago.

DUEY—At Lemont, Tuesday April 12th, at 2 o'clock a. m., Emanuel Duey. The funeral took place the following Wednesday. Mr. Duey was an old man.

The Trout Catch.

Last Friday morning the trout season was ushered in with about four inches of snow on the ground. This was enough to dampen the arder of a great many but as it was there were about three fishermen on the banks for every trout in the stream. The catch the first day was ordinarily good, but the fish were small. Among some of the most successful were John Rupp, who caught 11; A. A. Dale, 7; Emanuel Noll, 22; Lew McQuistion, 6: Charles Warfel, 3; and thus we might go on naming and numbering. So far as we learned John Rupp caught about the largest one taken on Friday, it weighed something over a pound.

MATRIMONIAL.

ASH—FLEMING—At Altoona, at the residence of Alderman Rose, Mr. Charles Ash to Miss Grace Fleming, both of Pine Grove Mills, Centre county.

ZETTLE—EBEY—At the Lutheran Parsonage in Pine Grove Mills, April 14, 1892, by Rev. Chas. T. Aikens, Charles Zettle and Miss Carrie Ebey, all of Lemont.

THE BOROUGH FATHERS.

Did Considerable Business Monday Night—Montgomery Appointed Chief of Police.

Borough council convened promptly at 7.30 o'clock on Monday evening with President Hillibish in the chair, and six members present. Thomas Shaughensey, Jr., was present to ask council to purchase five hundred feet of hose for the Logan Hose company. A. S. Garman presented a request for two new nozzles for the Undines. Both requests were referred to the Fire and Police committee.

W. F. Reeder, Esq., ex-Chief Burgess, presented an itemized statement of his account for the year 1891 showing a balance due him from the borough of $13.45. The amount was ordered paid.

The street committee reported many boardwalks and pavements in bad condition. Owing to the fact that no borough engineer has yet been elected, this report was tabled. The water committee reported a number of bad pipes in different parts of the town. Another application was presented for a boardwalk from the depot to the car works, the same being referred to the street committee. This makes almost a dozen such applications for the same walk that the street committee now have under consideration, and if the citizens of that part of town want to facilitate matters and hurry up the street committee they had better hand in another next meeting night and attach to it several sticks of dynamite. It might have a moving influence. Then after the committee was disposed of they might get back their numerous petitions and lay them down for a walk. They would undoubtedly be long enough.

The question of appointing police was next taken up and after a little discussion council proceeded to business. Capt. H. H. Montgomery was elected chief. For assistant police William Garris was elected on the third ballot. The new police will go on duty on May first, and will recieve a salary of $35 per month. With the approval of the usual number of bills council adjourned.

Burglary at Spring Mills.

Just as we were going to press last week we learned of roberies at Spring Mills, to late for insertion last week. The Centre Hall *Reporter*, of last week, gives the following account of the affair:

The last few weeks petty thieving and robbery have become quite frequent in Spring Mills and the surrounding neighborhood and the residences of several citizens have been broken into and pilfered of goods of small amounts, much to the annoyance of their victims.

On Tuesday night or Wednesday morning entrance was forced to the office of the Spring Mills creamery by prying the door open with a jimmy. Operations were begun at once on the safe which was supposed to contain a large sum of money. A hole was drilled at the side of the door near the combination. Another hole was drilled in from the top of the safe and powder placed in to blow the door open. The safe was a small one, and was new, only having been received a few days previous. In the explosion which followed, the door of the safe was blown open and the contents exposed to the robbers, but they were slightly rewarded for their efforts, as they only obtained about $8.00 in postage stamps. There were several checks and drafts in the safe. The checks were not taken but the drafts were taken with the rest of the plunder. The safe was completely ruined, and the books and papers badly torn by the explosion. The first intimation of the robbery was in the morning when the creamery was opened for operations. The floor was littered with papers, etc,

From the creamery the robbers it is supposed went to Allison's mill and forced an entrance. They found the safe however at the mill unlocked and violent measures were not resorted to. They found in this safe about $5.00 in cash and several checks which were indorsed. These they pocketed along with the rest of the plunder. The aggregate amount of checks taken we did not learn, but it is a considerable sum, and the robbers will endeavor to have them cashed at some bank.

They also forced their way into the cellar of Mr. H. C. Rossman's residence, and helped themselves to a supply of lard and other eatables.

Officers Installed.

On Thursday evening, April 7, D. D. G. M. William B. Rankin installed the officers of Centre Lodge, I.O.O.F., as follows: N. G. J. G. Dubbs; V. G. C. K. Hicklen; Secretary, J. B. Strohm· treasurer, Isaac Miller; R. S. N. G., W. T. Hillibish; L. S. N. G., Snyder Tate; R. S. V. G., Wm. H. Miller; L. S. V. G., J. Will Conley; W., B. H. Schaeffer; C.. B. C. Achenbach; Chaplain, Rev. M. O. Noll; R. S. S., Robert Cole; L. S. S. J. C. Meyer; O. G., Wm. Showers; I. G. Frank C. Williams.

—Mr. James Carter, of Bellefonte, has been married fifteen years. This being a fact it was thought proper to celebrate the event, and a large number of their friends gathered at their home on High street, opposite the jail, on last Monday evening. Many handsome presents were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Carter, presents of use and for ornament and also many of considerable value. Refreshments were served and music also to entertain the guests by Miss Nettie Wilson and Mr. William Potter. "All went merry as a marriage bell and when music arose with its voluptuous swell soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again." Several ministers from the A. M. E. Conference honored the occasion with their presence altogether it was an occasion long to be remembered.

COMING AND GOING.

Charles T. Cook is making extensive repairs on his house on Spring street.

Mr. John D. Thompson and son, of Howard, Pa., were visitors in Bellefonte on Monday.

John and Harry Sommerville, of Winburn, spent last Sunday in Bellefonte, the guests of Mrs. Adam Hoy.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Brew, of Swanton, Md., are visiting at the home of Mr. George W. Jackson in this place.

Mr. James Dowling, of Renovo, sang a solo at the Catholic church last Sunday to the edification of the congregation.

George L. Potter, of this town, attended the meeting of the Huntingdon Presbytery at Huntingdon on the 12th inst.

A. A. Dale is surveying Snow Shoe township preparatory to its being divided up into election districts to conform to the new election law.

Robert McKnight, the superintendent of the gas and steam heating works, has been confined to the house for several days but is getting better and will soon be about among his friends gain.

George T. Bush departed on the evening train last Saturday for Philadelphia. From there he will go to North Carolina. It is thought his trip south has relation to business, as the Bush estate has large land interests there.

Robert Frazier, of Philadelphia, treasurer of the Bellefonte Central railroad, was in town last week. He thinks the new enterprise is moving along all right under the careful management of Superintendent Shoemaker.

The R. M. Foster, base ball team have reorganized and made choice of the following officers. President George C. Jackson; vice president, Sidney Krumrine; secretary, W. A. Stewart; treasurer, F. Robison, manager J. T. Robison.

Col. W. H. Wilkinson, of China Ha" fame, contemplates tearing away the beautiful fence now in front of his home on Allegheny street in this town, and will replace it with a plain stone structure. The Colonel cannot bear anything fancy or gaudy.

Miss Minnie Saylor, formerly one of the very efficient lady compositors in this office, departed on Monday morning for Snow Shoe where she goes to give instructions in instrumental music. Miss Minnie is a vivacious and charming young lady and we wish her success in her new vocation.

James Sommerville, well known to all the people of Bellefonte, represented the Winburn Presbyterian church at the Presbytery at Huntingdon on the 12th. He was while there the guest of William P. Orbison as was also John Hamilton, of State College, and Rev. Wm. Laurie, D.D., of Bellefonte.

Dr. James Cary Thomas, a Friends' minister from Baltimore, together with his brother, John C. Thomas, attended the funeral of Mrs. Julia Valentine last Saturday afternoon. On Sunday they led the meeting at the Temperance Union. They made the exercises very interesting.

W. T. Meyer of this town and Charley Kurtz were in Aaronsburg a week or two ago. Mr. Meyer to tune pianos and give the band of that place a few points and Mr. Kurtz to tune up the democratic voters, also to give them a few pointers, in which endeavor we have no doubt both gentlemen were successful.

T. D. Weaver, of Moshannon, called on us last week. He had just returned from the meeting of the Huntingdon Presbytery which convened at Huntingdon April 12, 1892. Mr. Weaver is Elder of the Moshannon church and represented that society at the Presbytery. While there he was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Weaver.

Mr. John D. Thompson, with his son, John A. Thompson, both of Howard, called at the REPUBLICAN office last Monday, Mr. Thompson the elder is an old subscriber of the REPUBLICAN who has stood by the old paper through good and evil report. He paid his subscription for another year and wished us a successful future. May his shadow never grow less and "may he live long and be happy."

Mrs. J. A. Woodcock departed on the 4.30 train Tuesday afternoon for Williamsport where she will spend a few days among friends. From there she will go to Mechanicsburg to attend the wedding of her friend, Miss Birdie Owen, who is to be married on Wednesday, the 27th instant, to Mr. John Bullock, of this town. It is said that Miss Helen Hastings, of this place, will be one of the bridesmaids. The wedding will be a grand affair.

DEATH OF JULIA VALENTINE.

She Calmly Passes Away on Wednesday Evening, April 13th.

Mrs. Julia Valentine, the aged and respected step-mother of our eminent townsman, Mr. Robert Valentine, died at the residence of her nephew, Dr. Thomas, in Baltimore on Wednesday evening, April 13th. Mrs Valentine had been ill about one year but none thought that death was so near at hand until the grim reaper stepped in and snapped asunder the silver thread of life ushering from this world of sorrow into the great beyond another soul to join the vast throng assembled around the throne of God. Her days on earth were many, she having passed her 85th milestone, but of her can it be truly said they were days of work well spent in the cause of her Master She was a minister of the gospel in the Friends church and a truly upright and christian lady.

Many, yea countless, were the poor and needy, the sick and impoverished, whom she visited and to whom she brought assistance, light and hope. Her life's work was in assisting her fellow mortals and truly can it be said her reward will be of the brightest.

The deceased was the widow of the late Bond Valentine, a prominent member of the Centre county bar, and at one time the great iron king of Centre county. Her maiden name was Thomas. The remains were brought to Bellefonte on last Saturday morning and taken to the home of Robert Valentine, on Allegheny street where they reposed until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the funeral took place. Services were conducted by Dr. Thomas and son, of Baltimore, interment being made in the Friends burying ground. The pall bearers were John B. Linn, James Harris, Evan Blanchard, John P. Harris, William Humes and J. Fearon Mann.

Easter Sunday.

Last Sunday was a dismal, cold and wet day, and not at all suitable for a proper display of Easter finery; in fact, in all Bellefonte there were not over a half dozen young ladies brave enough to wear on their heads what they carried home on Saturday night carefully done up in a paper bag. For some reason or other the "dear creatures" got an idea into their head that Sunday would be a lovely day and every child, maid and woman in Bellefonte that could possibly do so carried a hat bag home on Saturday evening and, no doubt, consumed two hours time trying the "love of a thing" on just to see how it fit and how she would look on the morrow. But lo and behold! When the morrow came it was in such a way that winter clothes were the only suitable ones and then the "dear girls," when they couldn't wear there new "things" stayed at home all day "just for spite."

Prohibition Convention.

To-morrow afternoon April 22, commencing at two o'clock the Prohibition county convention will assemble in the Court House in Bellefonte. Delegates to the State convention will be chosen and a full county ticket nominated and other business of importance will be transacted.

A grand mass meeting will be held in the evening at which able eloquent speakes will be present, among whom will be H. D. Patton, of Lancaster, state chairman of the party. Miss Lilly Runals, of New York, lecturer and singer, will also be present and entertain the audience with fine music. She is one of the finest singers in the county. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

The Champion Egg Eater.

From all accounts it is evident that Bellefonte can produce the champion easter egg eater in the person of Mr. David Bartlett, of the freight department, Pennsylvania railroad station, this place. That gentleman gives it as an actual fact that he ate eighteen eggs for breakfast on Sunday morning, and during the entire day devoured just thirty-nine; and then he could and would have eaten more but the supply was exhausted. If any of our neighbors can beat this let them say so.

Miss M. Snyder has returned from New York after spending two weeks in selecting a fine line of Spring and Summer millinery, She has secured Miss Louilla Gulick, of New York, as a trimmer, and will exhibit a fine line of imported hats, Thursday and Friday, April, 21 and 22. All are invited.

—The basis of representation to the Democratic county convention has been made and is one delegate to every fifty voters. Centre Hall borough has in the past had but one delegate but in the future will claim two, as they now have eighty two democratic votes.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE